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ackburn
locked

during his final training session with Dortmund and may make his Liverpool debut against Middlesbrough.

Even if he does return, may not face Boris Johnson, who has not trained in the last two weeks, after returning from the Olympic Games in Atlanta with a knee ligament injury.

Aston Villa will be without Mark Bosnich for their match at Sheffield Wednesday, having missed the entire pre-season programme with a long lay-off and suffered a knee injury during training yesterday. He is replaced by the England U-21 goalkeeper Michael Oak who will make his full debut.

Villa hope to obtain a new permit for Sasa Cacic, signed from Bolton on Wednesday in time to play against Blackpool on Wednesday. "As Sasa still has a work permit, which ends in October, I would not be thought there would be any objections from the Department of Employment," Doug Ellis, Villa chairman, said.

John Pemberton made a trio of absences for Britain's leading companies ended the day 35.5 points higher.

The euphoria in the City of London was spurred by a spate of recent good economic news. The defender had a cartilage operation yesterday.

Andy Cole is likely to be the only player unavailable for Manchester United as they begin their defence of the title at Wimbledon. Alex Ferguson ruled out an approach for Miguel Nadal, the Barca defender. "Nadal is one of many foreign players we're looking at and we made inquiries about him some weeks ago," Manchester United manager said.

"But now that the European deadline has passed, matter is now dead."

Uefa will offer England the chance to play this season for two places in the next year's Champions League, part of an eight-country competition comprising the champions of England, Italy, Germany, France, Spain, the Netherlands, Portugal and Belgium.

The Premiership winner will be among the seeds who straight into the group stage in the 1997-98 season and runners-up will also be part of the two-legged qualifying against the champions of smaller countries – that include Scotland – for a place in the new 24-team competition.

Ray Clemence has been appointed manager of Barnet to Glenn Hoddle's England team set-up.



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SATURDAY 17 AUGUST 1996

WEATHER

50P (1995)

Booming back to the Eighties

MICHAEL HARRISON and MAGUS GRIMOND

Fresh evidence that Britain is on the verge of an Eighties-style boom emerged yesterday as the stock market roared to an all-time high, spending by plastic broke new records and an influential survey forecast the biggest rise yet in house prices.

The triple whammy of upbeat news on the economy raised hopes of a further cut in interest rates but also revived fears of an unsustainable consumer boom in the run-up to the next election.

The FTSE-100 index of Britain's leading companies ended the day 35.5 points higher.

John Pemberton made a

er at a record 3,873 as lower public borrowing figures and renewed hopes of interest-rate cuts sent shares soaring.

Meanwhile, a report from the National Institute of Economic and Social Research said that economic conditions were now similar to those a decade ago when Britain witnessed the biggest boom in the property market since the Second World War. The institute is predicting an increase in house prices of more than 10 per cent next year.

The euphoria in the City of London was spurred by a spate of recent good economic news. This reflected the general im-

provement in the climate over the first half of the year.

Economists said official figures showing that central and local government repaid £1.66bn in debt last month had put the Government's forecast for public borrowing back on track and would strengthen the hand of the Chancellor. Kenneth Clarke, for tax cuts in November's Budget. Hopes that he may override the opposition of Eddie George, Governor of the Bank of England, to further interest-rate cuts were fuelled by rumours that the Bundesbank may lower German rates on Thursday.

Adam Cole, an economist at stockbrokers HSBC James Capel, said the Chancellor could "hang another rate cut" on last week's inflation figures, which showed the underlying rate of retail price rises unchanged in the three months to July, while the underlying level of industry's costs are at their lowest for a generation.

But yesterday's borrowing figures will give renewed encouragement that Mr Clarke will have scope to cut taxes as well in his November Budget. After overshooting the Treasury's £26.9bn target so far this year, economists said the July figures are back in line.

The NIESR said that the real cost of buying a house was at its lowest level since 1989. It also pointed to the high level of loans that banks and building societies are prepared to advance against properties. It estimated that the loan-to-value ratio is the highest since mortgage lending was deregulated 30 years ago.

Earlier this week the Halifax, Britain's biggest mortgage lender, gave a further boost to the housing market by offering to indemnify buyers from being caught by negative equity.

Footsie hits new highs, page 16

How Methley Terrace launched a turf war against the car



Grass grows under their feet: Children playing in Leeds before and after Transport 2000 and local residents launched the Streets for People campaign to encourage traffic reduction

Photographs: John Houlihan/Guzelian, PA

NHS not to fund octuplet treatment

LIZ HUNT
Health Editor

The "cash for foetuses" controversy continues. Mandy Allwood, the woman pregnant with eight babies, took a new twist last night when the Midlands health authority responsible for her care said it would not pay for her specialist treatment in London.

Assumption that Ms Allwood's medical bills would be met by the *News of the World*, with which she and her partner Paul Hudson signed a six-figure deal, turned out to be false.

Southill Health Authority said Ms Allwood's GP had contacted it asking if it would pay for her care. It would be a bold move by a high-profile but anonymous player here.

The influx of foreign patients has contributed much to quality and development of the NHS. So might the production of foreign care just so long as Wenger gets the time and resources to do it.

Senior health authority officials yesterday rejected the request, arguing that that Ms Allwood, 31, would receive expert care far more cheaply in a Birmingham maternity hospital.

A spokesman denied that the deal with the newspaper had influenced the decision.

Dr Michael Deakin, a consultant in public health medicine, said: "We would have reached the same decision whether or not a newspaper was involved. It is important for her to have excellent maternity care locally and if it is available. It is ridiculous that she should be brought in to Solihull but being cared for by someone in London."

However, a midwives' association in the Midlands, who asked not to be named, said that

the health authority was bluffing. "There is no doubt that a pregnancy like this requires the top-level care and equipment that is available in the NHS, and that is at King's," he said. "What they don't want to do is fork out tax-payers' money – and who can blame them – for the care of someone who may receive hundreds of thousands of pounds for babies born on the NHS."

Ms Allwood, who is 14 weeks pregnant, has been under the care of Professor Nicolaides since she was referred to him by the private hospital where she underwent fertility treatment with drugs.

He has appealed to the *News of the World* to cancel its contract with the couple. Professor Nicolaides, who is refusing to comment on the new development, has advised Ms Allwood to undergo selective abortion of six foetuses to safeguard her own health and ensure she has some surviving babies.

A spokesman for King's said that the hospital had no choice but to refuse treatment for Ms Allwood if her local health authority would not fund it. The *News of the World* said that Ms Allwood's treatment was a private matter for herself and her doctors.

However, Max Clifford, the PR guru representing the couple, said: "Mandy would be delighted if she could return home to Solihull and get the high level of care and equipment needed for her safety and that of her babies. But she has been told by Professor Nicolaides that she needs to be in London."

Although it is an emergency, Ms Allwood's treatment is not covered by the National Health Service. John McInerney, a spokesman for John McInerney, a company in John McInerney, from the Australian Open

Cheating universities poach thousands of students

FRAN ABRAMS
Education Correspondent

Thousands of students are being poached by universities which often simply telephone them and offer them places after seeing their A-level results, the head of the admissions service has warned.

Some universities are encouraging young people to apply directly to them, bypassing the admissions regulations, while others are looking at the A-level grades and phoning up students who have done better than expected.

Further education colleges which run higher education courses have been particularly hard hit, with some saying that in past years they have lost hundreds of students to poachers from universities. They only know that this has been happening when their new recruits fail to turn up in September.

Some sources say that many new universities would not be concerned even if the official entrance system collapsed, as they get a majority of their students fail to turn up in September.

Mr Higgins has also written to several universities individually to warn them that there have been complaints about their recruitment methods.

He said the system was set up

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Monday (19 August), when the first lists will be published.

so that everybody is applying under the same rules. Universities don't want to find in October that they are thousands light of their targets," he said.

Julian Gravatt, senior registrar at Lewisham College, south London, said it had lost students in the past, often to much larger institutions. "Both the university and the student would say that it was better for them, but it isn't always true. There is a possible problem with dropping out along the line because those places don't offer the supportive environment to students that we can," he said.

Ted Neild, spokesman for the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals, condemned the practice. Before the central admissions service was set up in 1961, universities never knew how many of their students would turn up because they might easily have accepted two or more offers, he said.

"Actions like these, if they are occurring, pose a threat to the integrity of the central admissions service which has done everybody so much good."

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QUICKLY

£70m to smash IRA

The Callaghan and Thatcher Governments blew more than £70m on the ill-fated De Lorean project in the hope it would help provide "a hammer blow to the IRA", according to secret Government papers. Page 9

Costly commissioner

Gill Rowlands, Commissioner for Protection against Unlawful Industrial Action, cost taxpayers £92,803 last year, and was unable to help any of those who asked for her help. Page 4

Lebed on offensive

Boris Yeltsin's special envoy to Chechnya, Alexander Lebed, yesterday demanded the dismissal of Russia's powerful Interior Minister, Anatoly Kulikov, denouncing him as "one of the main culprits in the war". Page 9

Blyton snubbed

While towns across Britain prepare to celebrate Enid Blyton's centenary, the town council in Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, where she lived and worked for 30 years, has forgotten its most famous daughter. Page 5

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Ulster scandal: Cabinet papers reveal that ministers wasted £70m to secure 'hammer blow'

De Lorean cash used in battle with IRA

ANTHONY BEVINS
and MICHAEL HARRISON

The Callaghan and Thatcher governments of the late 1970s and early 1980s blew more than £70m of public money on the ill-fated De Lorean car project in West Belfast, because it was hoped that it would help provide a 'hammer blow' to the IRA, according to previously secret government papers.

The revelation is one of several sensational disclosures in Cabinet and ministerial papers that are being released into the public domain by a New York court next week.

The hearing, in which the Government is suing auditors Arthur Andersen, is part of long-fought preliminaries before the action comes to court. It was decided on Thursday that the papers could be made public, and in a London press release last night the auditors provide the first evidence of how ministers repeatedly ignored warnings about De Lorean because they were so desperate to give Ulster jobs and good news.

The papers even include Cabinet minutes - which were notably excluded from the evidence given in the Matrix Churchill case. In one critical minute from July 1978, the

then Northern Ireland Secretary, Roy Mason, says it is 'of the utmost political, social and psychological importance that the project should go ahead. This would be a hammer blow to the IRA'. His advice followed a warning the previous week by the management consultants McKinsey and Co that 'the chances of the project succeeding as planned are remote'.

The profligacy did not end with Labour. In July 1980, the Thatcher government agreed to provide assistance, of £1.4m extendable to £21m, on the advice of the Northern Ireland Secretary, James Prior.

When De Lorean hit a further financial crisis the following February, the Cabinet was asked for a bank guarantee. It was argued: 'We cannot settle this on commercial grounds alone. The De Lorean venture has become something of a symbol for HMG's commitment to Northern Ireland.'

Mrs Thatcher wrote a note saying: 'I take it this is the last [doubtfully underlined] help we give to this unwise project.' The company went into liquidation one year later.

The Government began its legal action against Arthur Andersen in 1985, but 11 years later - and 14 years after De Lorean



Road to nowhere: John De Lorean in his ill-fated car in 1982. More than £70m was blown on the project. Photograph: PA

collapsed - the case has yet to come to court. It took two years just to decide which country the action should take place in: the auditors wanted it heard in Britain; the Northern Ireland Department of Economic Development wanted it held in the US, where courts can award triple damages in the event of a plaintiff successfully suing.

For two years between 1989 and 1991, the Government and Arthur Andersen fought a separate case over whether the Cabinet minutes and other confidential Whitehall documents relating to the collapse should be made available to the defence. Such documents are not normally released for 30 years, but the court eventually ruled

in Arthur Andersen's favour. In April this year, Judge Mukasey of the New York southern district court dismissed the Government's case for the action to be heard under the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organisations Act, which would have permitted it to claim damages of up to \$1bn.

The judge also ruled the Government that if it wanted to keep any of the Cabinet documents under seal then it would have to show compelling justification. On Thursday night, in an historic ruling, he decided that it had not done so.

In the last five years, depositions have been taken in writing and on video camera from hundreds of witnesses, includ-

ing government ministers involved at the time, senior civil servants and consultants. Until yesterday they remained locked in lawyers' safes in New York. The team of consultants from McKinsey and Co that advised the Government on the project was led by Sir John Banham, who went on to become director general of the CBI and head of the Government Commission on Local Government. In his deposition, Sir John says: 'There are very few projects where hindsight and foresight seem quite so clearly aligned.'

De Lorean Motors was formed in 1978 when John De Lorean, now 71, a former Chrysler executive, persuaded the then Labour government to

back his dream of a stainless steel, gull-winged sports car. The Government's Department of Economic Development ploughed £7m into the project, much of which was siphoned off into Swiss bank accounts by Mr De Lorean and other senior executives. The venture finally collapsed in 1982 with the loss of more than 2,000 jobs. Only 8,333 cars were built.

Although a warrant was issued for Mr De Lorean's arrest, he never faced trial. In 1984, he was acquitted of cocaine trafficking after a US jury decided he had been entrapped by FBI undercover agents.

SIGNIFICANT SHORTS

The Defence Secretary, Michael Portillo, said yesterday that the Conservatives would robustly defend their 'demonic' Tony Blair poster, after the chairman of the Advertising Standards Authority confirmed it was in possible breach of its code. The 'New Labour, New Danger' poster, depicting the Labour leader with fiery eyes, was compared by Mr Portillo to the 1992 campaign poster, issued by Labour, which featured then-Chancellor, Norman Lamont, as 'Vatman', in Batman garb. *Anthony Berlin*

A dozen RUC officers and their families have had to flee their homes because of threats, police revealed last night. They were forced out in the aftermath of the Orange Order stand-off at Drumcree, loyalist protests over the handling of the Apprentice Boys parade in Londonderry and a march in the village of Dunloy, Co Antrim.

Finding a resting place for the symbolic rock of Scotland's ancient sovereignty, the Stone of Scone, will prove to be a difficult choice. The Secretary of State, Michael Forsyth, put the matter out for public consultation. Almost 80 suggestions, some brilliant, some bizarre, some expected, had been submitted by the deadline yesterday. Odds-on favourite is Edinburgh Castle. St Giles Cathedral on Edinburgh's Royal Mile is also in the running.

Ulster's meat plants were under pressure last night to resume the BSE cattle cull. It was suspended by the Meat Exporters' Association after negotiations with the Department of Agriculture over the cost of killing the 30-month-old cattle broke down. Ulster Farmers' Union president Greer McCollum said: 'They should stop playing around with the livelihoods of beef farmers.'

Richard Burden: In the issue of 9 August, Don Macintyre wrote that that Labour MP Richard Burden had last year accused Tony Blair of being Stalin in the making. While making sharp criticisms of Mr Blair's leadership style, Mr Burden did not compare him to Stalin.

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to stalking, she alleged, after a series of incidents including smashing into her car, pushing her, shouting abuse and spending evenings with her son William and Harry. Last Friday she snatched his camera bag, motorcycle helmet and keys.

She swore in the affidavit that she always leave home with an acute sense of anxiety... I can no longer drive out of the gates of Kensington Palace without fearing what the defendant might do to me next."

Despite his angry protestations on GMTV yesterday, "she's just using me as a pawn for women's rights", he claimed. Mr Stebbing would be less pressed to contradict that. Mr Julius said two alternative cases could be made against him: either that his oppressive behaviour had gone beyond what was acceptable from a

press culture: Bob Dole, pictured with wife Elizabeth, left nothing to chance at this year's convention: no serious gaffes, no juicy rumours and no visible splits. Photograph: AP

Martin Stebbing: Prince using me for women's rights

press photographer, or that his preoccupation made him a stalker, regardless of whether he was holding a camera.

Mr Julius, who never leaves a stone unturned, has seized the opportunity to spotlight the wider issue by saying:

"My heart... hopes that a swift

alleviating her own distress

this will highlight the destruc-

tive effect of persistent har-

ment on women's lives."

The fact remains, however,

that just as the grubbiest end

of the market occupied by Mr

Stebbing cannot be viewed

representative of all photog-

raphers, anyone - even the

Princess of Wales - who can

be photographed is effectively

a stalker will have to prove the

truth of the tale for the press

is violence, scrutiny, and it

is preparedness to challenge the

signature and weaker cases that

may well emerge in the future.

That's what the right

should be doing.

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Whitewater, not Dole, is Clinton's main worry

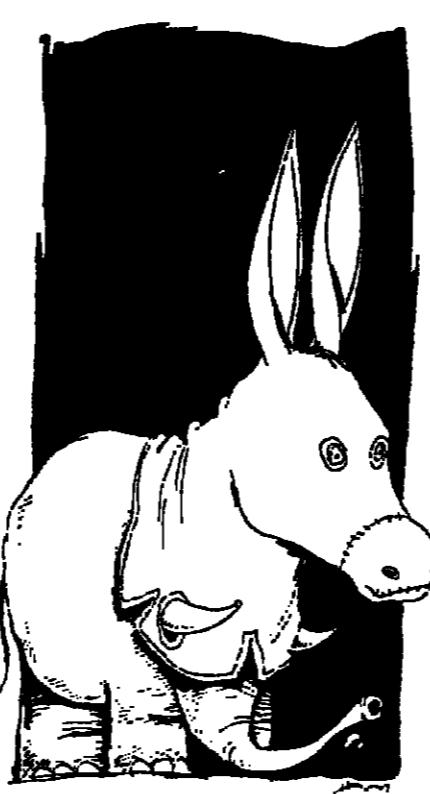
The curtain has fallen and first of all, one cheer for the producers. The Republicans put on a fabulous show in San Diego this week. Were they not supposed to be the party of intolerance, cherished by gun-toting rednecks, anti-immigrant xenophobes, abortion clinic bombers, and economic Darwinists for whom success in the marketplace is the only guarantee of survival? Instead, for four days, America was treated to a symphony of moderation. Not a spokesman of the religious right was heard from the podium. Women were everywhere, delivering the keynote address lambasting Bill Clinton, holding forth about defence and foreign policy – and this from a party which before the convention was trailing the Democrats among female voters by some 30 per cent. But American political conventions are an exercise in the suspension of disbelief. By this measure, to use Bob Dole's characteristically laconic numerical scale of excellence, this one rated a 10, maybe an 11, for sleight of hand and image makeover from the 1992 Houston convention of dark memory, when Pat Buchanan ruled and the downfall of George Bush was sealed.

But a convention is ultimately mere packaging. What now for the product? Given his dismal record as an orator, Bob Dole made a fair fist of it on Thursday evening. True, he asked his countrymen, contrasting himself to the self-indulgent, deceitful baby-boomer in the White House. He was, he claimed less plausibly, "the most optimistic man in America" – although his

entire acceptance speech was poised on the premise that the country of his youth was a godlier, nobler place than the one led by Bill Clinton. There were some purple passages, and some meandering litany of vague intentions, at best tedious, at worse scary, all typical Dole. Thanks to his convention managers, he now has a chance of winning in November. A chance, but no more.

Mr Dole has several assets. His wife, Elizabeth, is graceful and exceedingly accomplished, possessed of a political acumen for which Hillary Clinton would kill. In Jack Kemp he has a splendid running mate, inspirational, nationally known, and a credible president should anything happen to a chief executive partially disabled and 73 years old. Above all there is the incredible Dole life story, how he overcame war wounds that would have broken the body and soul of a lesser man, and the huge moral authority that flows from it. But the role of preachy grandfather has risks. Mr Dole's speech pressed the usual Republican buttons on crime, taxes and education and defence; but nothing in his extortions to patriotism, decency and the American Dream suggested he has a clue about the everyday problems of modern life.

Not so the man he will face in November, the most skilful campaigner in recent American political history. On 26 August, the Democrats will have their chance in Chicago, directing their convention fire less at Mr Dole than the man-spirited, ultra-conservative Republican platform



the candidate professes not even to have read. As measured by the attending delegates (most of them wisely prevented from speaking), this was the most right-wing Republican convention of modern times. The Democrats will not let him forget that.

There are other handicaps as well. Ross Perot is not the force he was in 1992 but still has a \$2bn personal fortune. Assuming he wins his own Reform Party's nomination this weekend, he will take more votes from Mr Dole than from President Clinton. The Dole "vision" is still next to non-existent: stripped of the purple passages inserted by his speechwriters, his address was plodding. And, despite the verbal firepower provided by Jack Kemp, that high priest of the supply-side, Mr Dole's tax-cut proposals don't add up, either literally or figuratively. Why, when the economy is thriving and the deficit falling, should his countrymen get rid of an incumbent President who after a miserable start seems to have got the hang of it.

Somehow Mr Dole must make virtues of his perceived weaknesses. He has to convince a country of short memory, and weaned on hyperbole, that understatement and half a century old heroism have their merits. That chance, curiously, may come in the three Presidential debates this autumn, widely but wrongly assumed to be a walkover for the touchy-feely Bill Clinton. Expectations for Mr Dole are so low that a draw would be a victory. And the self-deprecating one-liner, sadly not

on display on Thursday evening, is a Dole specialty. Just one sardonic pun to burst a balloon of Clintonian verbosity could work wonders. Nothing though, after Colin Powell's triumph in San Diego this week, would do more for Mr Dole's cause than the early enlistment of the general, either as regular featured stump-speaker, or better still, as Secretary of State for Defense in a future Dole administration. But it will be an uphill struggle, unless White-water goes critical.

Therein probably lies Mr Dole's best hope. Mr Clinton's support is broad but shallow. If nothing else, in San Diego this week the stale old warrior of Congress has been re-introduced to his country as a moral hero, poised to take advantage of a new flare-up of the Clinton "character question". And suddenly the terrain looks promising for Republicans. A grand jury in Washington is deliberating whether to indict Mrs Clinton for perjury, while in Little Rock, James McDougal, the Clinton's partner in the original Whitewater land venture who was convicted of fraud in May, is said to be co-operating with prosecutors in the hope of a lighter jail sentence.

The Dole campaign looks better today than it has ever looked before. But the election may yet be settled, not by this week's nominee, nor by the incumbent President, but by Kenneth Starr, unelected special counsel in the Whitewater affair who is at present the most powerful politician in America.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Better A-level results since schools banished fear from the classroom

Sir: Once again we are questioning standards at A-level now that this year's record results are out. The exams are assumed to be too easy, but no one is looking at the great improvements that have been made in the standards of teaching at all levels.

Thirty years ago, teaching was largely done through fear. We were all given a fear of failure. Those who coped did well but many pupils with loads of potential but fragile personalities fell by the wayside. Now, the emotional needs of children are paramount to their future success and pupils can now look forward to genuine care and concern through counsellors and well-trained tutors. Most school children now like their school

teachers and see them as kind, caring and above all normal people. Fear has gone and a much more healthy working relationship has developed. Happy, well-supported young people learn far better and many more of them achieve their potential. This is why the results continue to improve.

Employers complain of poor literacy standards. For this they should look at the role of television, video and PCs in the lives of young people. A spellchecker now does the job far more quickly than using a dictionary and mini-computers do the maths in a split second. This is surely human evolution rather than poor standards.

DAVID WEALE
London NW5

Sir: One important point has been overlooked in the debate about improved A-level results: since the introduction of league tables schools and colleges are increasingly reluctant to enter those candidates who are uncertain of achieving a pass grade. I recently spoke to nine examiners and, without exception, they observed that this year there was not the "tail" of very weak candidates.

Of the nine, eight also felt that there was an improvement in the overall quality of scripts and put this down to the fact that students were better prepared to meet the demands of the paper.

JANET PYBON
Preston, Lancashire
Sir: Would the alleged decline in the

standards of A-level grades have any connection with competition between examination boards to persuade schools to register with them rather than their rivals?

MARTIN LYNN
London SW1

War commerce?
4) What does PAYE stand for?
5) Name two fossil fuels.
6) Who wrote *La Traviata*?
7) Name one Graham Greene novel.
8) Who designed St. Paul's Cathedral?
9) What is the currency of India?
10) Which British newspaper has the largest circulation?

She solved only two questions (one and five). I find this appalling. Are we devoting too much time to ensuring pupils are crammed with facts to pass exams while neglecting their overall knowledge and awareness of the world around them?
1) Who was President of the US before Clinton?
2) What is the capital of South Africa?
3) In what year did the First World

Prescott, Blair and Labour principles

Sir: My heart leapt for joy when I read John Prescott's plea for a return to "principles" in Labour Party politics during his interview with Colin Brown (16 August). The effect was, however, rather spoilt when John went on to admit that he had "headed up" a team which masterminded the least principled election in the history of the Parliamentary Labour Party.

No one should be in any doubt about what happened in the Shadow cabinet election. Some candidates were threatened into not standing, others were offered favours and, if that was not enough, the proxy voting system was abused.

Surely honest John has been in politics long enough to understand that without free and fair elections politics can never be principled. I would not like John to go down in political history as the man whose only principle was lack of principle. I therefore advise him to read Tony Benn's excellent book *Arguments for Democracy*.

There is, however, one point upon which I agree with John and Tony Blair and that is that my estimable colleague Clare Short should stop whingeing, stop talking about herself and come out fighting on matters of policy.

BRIAN SEDGEMORE MP
(Hackney South and Shoreditch, Lab)
House of Commons
London SW1

check a government drawn from party. The job of a backbench MP is only possible if these two potentially divergent responsibilities can be run in tandem. If a Blair government intends that one of these responsibilities should automatically prevail over the other, it would complete the transition which began with the onset of election television, from a parliamentary to a presidential system of government. If Mr Blair intends to introduce a presidential system he must also introduce the constitutional safeguards appropriate to such a system, beginning with a written constitution.

EARL RUSSELL
Liberal Democrat Spokesman on
Social Security
House of Lords
London SW1

Sir: The Conservative Party seems ill-advised to have produced an advertisement in which it sees Tony Blair as a satanic monster ("Speak of the devil", 13 August) for the folklore surrounding vampires and other hell-souls clearly suggests that, when in human form, these creatures can only be recognised by a demon of the same family.

DENNIS WALKER
Oakham, Leicestershire

Sir: The demonstration of a leading politician has a distinguished precedent. William Hogarth's *John Wilkes Esq* was published on 16 May 1763. It shows Wilkes wearing a wig organised to suggest horns, leering wickedly, and bearing – jauntily posed atop his staff – a Liberty cap. May we hope that Blair might live up to this?

PROFESSOR MARCIA POINTON
Department of History of Art
University of Manchester

Sir: Nick Brown ("Labour to crack the whip on MPs", 15 August) says "the election is fought by national political parties, and the role of the individual, although important, is subservient to the role of the party". This is only a half-truth.

MPs are elected to keep a party in office but they are also elected as the only people with effective power to



Revivalists: Working on a locomotive in Eritrea. Photograph: David Orr

Eritrean railways win through

Sir: It is interesting to have news of the resurrection of the Eritrean Railway ("Old timers put Eritrea's trains back on the rails", 7 August). We resurrected it once before – in 1941.

This remarkable little railway was originally, I believe, built by the French. 95cm gauge track drops through barren mountains for 15 miles in the 40 miles from Asmara down to Massawa.

ELLIS MILES
Sleaford, Lincolnshire

Ban weapons but save shooting

Sir: I have been amazed by the reasons the gun lobby and the Commons committee have given for refusing any form of ban on guns. The same saying is always trotted out at times like this as if it is a gun owner's mantra: "Guns don't kill people, people do."

A gun is a weapon, a tool specifically designed for efficiently killing people. Since killing and maiming are illegal, shouldn't the possession and sale of the tools designed to do just that also be illegal?

The defence of gun owners that someone wants to kill, they will, is true. Virtually anything can be used to kill, a broken chair leg for example; but without a weapon it is more difficult; it is easier for the police to defend against and it is easier for the police to deal with. All weapons, handguns, rifles or combat knives, should be banned.

The sport of shooting doesn't have to suffer. Single-shot rifles and pistols designed for sport could still be allowed at gun clubs.

The call for more gun controls from the relatives of the Dunblane victims is no panicked cry for revenge. Instead it is a simple conclusion – in a civilised society no one should be allowed to own weapons.

RICHARD TUNNICLIFFE
Cumbria, Gwent

Sir: Your editorial (14 August) does you no credit, and your suggestion that the shooting community has any less sympathy than the public at large for the Dunblane parents, let alone considers them a "screaming mob", is beneath contempt.

The "gun culture" you refer to exists largely in the imaginations of the media and politicians. Most sporting shooters are no more fanatical about guns than golfers are about golf clubs, viewing them solely as equipment with which to enjoy a skilled, satisfying and above all safe, sport, and the vast majority of handgun users for sporting

purposes are not, contrary to your leader, designed "primarily to shoot people".

You state that with legally held guns under lock and key, "only when kept and traded illegally would they pose a problem" – or, to put it another way, by savagely curtailing the innocent pastimes of one of the most law-abiding communities in the land, 99 per cent or more of firearm-related crime will remain wholly unaffected.

To demand new legislation, without even claiming or expecting it will achieve anything positive, simply because "nothing less will satisfy the public", is a shallow use of a major newspaper's leader page.

D T ARGENT
Horsham, West Sussex

Ancient cruelties

Sir: P J Stewart (letters, 14 August) misses the point. The issue is not the rationale behind the growth of empires but the question of innocence. Both Christianity and Islam perpetrated cruelties on their conquered and subject people to varying degrees and at various times.

ROBERT FISK's sly visitor who wanted the Pope to apologise for the Crusades was not wrong to suggest it, but it would be salutary for all sides to confess to past depredations and utter a sincere "mea maxima culpa". We could then get on with a constructive dialogue about, amongst other things, peace in the Middle East and non-aggressive co-existence with our different and valued cultures.

However, given Islam's current perception of itself as a victim and only a victim in its encounter with Christianity, Judaism and Zionism this seems unlikely to happen – to everyone's lasting loss.

JOHN D NORMAN
London, W3

Odds stacked against university science

Sir: Not wishing to incite panic among the nation's engineers, I am writing to correct an error of detail which I made while explaining how the universities cope if popular departments over-recruit ("Record grades trigger the race for places", 15 August).

Universities have complete discretion to move student numbers between departments, so as to avoid exceeding their total student number, which is set by the Funding Council. However, it is not correct to say, as I did, that over-recruitment in English can lead to a reduction in the numbers of engineering students. This is because that flexibility extends only within subjects in the same fee band.

Dr TED NIELD
Press and Public Relations Manager
Committee of Vice-Chancellors and
Principals
London WC1

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(Fax: 0171-293 2056; e-mail: letters@independent.co.uk) and include a daytime telephone number.

Pigs in luxury

Sir: I am delighted that scientists have taken just one year to perfect the indoor en suite shower for pigs (report, 15 August).

It has taken organic farmers several thousand years to perfect their system for keeping pigs cool, but it involves a complex and unpredictable combination of wind, rain, mud, snow, sun and shade. I am worried that some of our sows will see the article and will demand that we install this novel technology. We will have no alternative but to agree, in exchange for them accepting life in a dark stall in a smelly building where the principal entertainment will be biting each other's tails, unless they've been chopped off already.

FINNIE
Eastbrook Farm Organic Meats
Swindon, Wiltshire

LETTER from THE EDITOR

One of the most engaging "Not For Publication" letters I received this week came from a couple who were concerned (in the politest possible way) about whether we were drifting away from the central newspaper business of carrying the news. The answer is emphatically "no" – but it's the kind of question that reminds you, not only how varied people's ideas of "news" are, but also how firmly they are convinced that their definition of news is absolutely and incontrovertibly the correct one.

Some journalists are fond of defining news as the sort of one-liner that says something like, "news is what you didn't know yesterday". Such definitions may be quite useful as media exam questions, but they're not much help when you're making hour-to-hour decisions about what to put in a newspaper. The truth is that editors put things in their paper because their guts like a cook's nose, tell them it's what their readers want.

Which is why that letter was interesting – because it specifically defined news as what's going on in "Burundi, etc ... not pictures of butterflies". Intriguingly, almost the next letter I read came from a reader objecting to our carrying a front-page story and picture about the recent massacre in Burundi, on the grounds that it was distressing. And the next letter after that came from someone who was "delighted by the butterflies, not least because they made a break from all the scenes of carnage". Which just goes to prove you can't please all the people, all the time.

You can try though – and last Saturday's butterflies did seem to please an awful lot of readers. The only item in the postbag outnumbering congratulations for our lepidopteran photomontage was letters about abortion. The most intriguing aspect of this story, to me, has been the way in which the moral focus has shifted. It started on the woman and her twins; it shifted to the pro-lifers; then to the journalistic ethics of searching out the woman; and now it has shifted back to the doctor and the ethics of disclosure. It makes you wonder whether anyone can remain clear-eyed about moral absolutes – let alone news values.

Still, those who missed a proper education the first time round can catch up with our DIY University summer school, appearing each week day on the Commentators page. Next week you get DNA, economics, and a bundle of other wonders. Stick with it.

Colin Hughes
Deputy Editor

QUOTE UNQUOTE

This report and its findings are a disgrace to our Parliament. The gun lobby can breathe a sigh of relief – John Crozier, who lost his daughter Emma, five, in the Dunblane massacre, after the Commons Home Affairs Select Committee rejected a ban on handguns I have been active in Northern Ireland, Central America, the Falklands ... and I get shot buying a Chinese takeaway – Peter Drissel, RAF wing commander, who was shot five times by Richard Humphrey, the killer who bought his guns by mail order

It's difficult to swim in hydrochloric acid with your legs chopped off – Aleksander Lebed, Russian security chief, describing the tasks forces trying to reach a long-term settlement in Chechnya

I hadn't looked at that dress for 30 years but thank goodness it was there – Eileen Norton, pensioner, whose wedding dress in the loft of her house in Havant, Hampshire, broke the fall of a block of ice from a passing aircraft after it crashed through the roof. The sweetness of a cream cake combined with its creamy mouthfeel are natural stimulants of the pleasure pathways in the brain, a response that guards against disease – Professor David Warburton, co-ordinator of Associates for Research into the Science of Enjoyment (Arise)

obituaries

Julian Stryjkowski

Julian Stryjkowski was one of the more interesting as well as one of the more controversial of Polish 20th-century novelists. He is unfortunately not yet translated into English (with the one exception of *The Inn*, 1966), and therefore not so well-known to the English-speaking world as other Polish writers such as Witold Gombrowicz, Bruno Schulz, Zbigniew Herbert, Czeslaw Milosz, and Tadeusz Konwicki. He was never an open critic of the Communist regime, and thus did not attract the Western approbation frequently afforded to dissident and emigre writers regardless of their literary ability.

His controversial past ensured that Stryjkowski remained a lonely figure though recent publicity surrounding his novel *Silence* (1993), in which he openly declared his homosexuality for the first time at the age of 88, provoked discussion of his other themes – his Jewish heritage and his one-time deep commitment to Communism – and helped to establish him as an important literary figure. Many of his novels, published originally in the Fifties and early Sixties, have been recently republished.

Stryjkowski was born Stark and took his later name from the small provincial town of Stryj in Eastern Galicia, then in the Austrian-ruled section of partitioned Poland, where he grew up in a shtetl (an exclusively Jewish community), as the son of a Jewish schoolteacher. Although Stryjkowski claimed never to have been a believer, he was nevertheless deeply influenced by the enclosed, traditional, intensely religious atmosphere of the shtetl. During his teenage years he immersed himself in the study of Hebrew and became a committed follower of Zionism, a creed which he was soon to abandon but later re-embraced following his disillusionment with Communism during the 1950s.

In 1932 he completed a degree in Polish literature at the University of Lwow (now Lviv) and became a grammar-school teacher in the town of Plock. He joined the Communist Party of the Western Ukraine and was imprisoned for his party activities during 1935–36 by the inter-war Polish government. When war broke out in 1939 he was living in Warsaw but returned to Lwow, where he was employed by the Polish Communist daily the *Red Standard*. When the Germans reached Lwow he moved to Moscow, remaining there until 1946, and



Stryjkowski: 'a writer, not a hero'

Ursula Phillips
Julian Stark (Julian Stryjkowski), writer: born Stryj, Poland 27 April 1903; died Warsaw 3 August 1996.

Sir Frank Whittle

It is sad that John Golley, who knew him so well, should have repeated so many of the old myths about Frank Whittle (Obituary, 10 August), writes Anthony Furse.

There is no doubt that most of the delays in making British gas-turbines to Whittle's designs were due to his long refusal to allow any of the established aero-engine manufacturers to work on his designs.

As a serving officer the RAF not only kept him on full pay whilst he took an Engineering degree at Cambridge, and did a further year as a postgraduate, but continued to do so when he decided to allow his invention to be developed by a private company, stipulating only that the Air Ministry must have Free Crown Usage of engines developed to his patents.

Despite the adverse report on Whittle's invention from Dr Griffith of the Royal Aircraft Establishment in 1937, Air Marshal Sir Wilfrid Freeman, Air Member for Research and Development, continued to back Whittle, on the advice of Professor Tizard, providing first £1,900 towards a total cost of £9,000, and then a further £6,000, before the outbreak of war. Early in 1940, Freeman listed the gas turbine as one of the few "potential war-winners" and backed the decision to give contracts to Rover to put Whittle's engines into production, because Whittle refused to give up the aero-engine firms.

Churchill's decision to put Beaverbrook in charge of Aircraft Production led to the de-



Cullen as 'Wee Burney' in Rab C. Nesbit

Photograph: David Cruckshank

Eric Cullen

As "Wee Burney", the younger son of the foul-mouthed Scottish philosopher in the BBC2 comedy series *Rab C. Nesbit*, the 4ft 4in actor Eric Cullen achieved national fame.

The star, Gregor Fisher, had taken the character of Rab from the cult series *Naked Video* to his own programme, complete with a family consisting of Elaine C. Smith as his wife Mary and Cullen and Andrew Fairlie as his revolting children Burney and Gash. While their father, forever wearing a string vest, would utter scatological abuse in a Scottish accent as thick as broth, they would deal with problems such as rats in the kitchen by clubbing them to death with a frying pan.

Cullen made his television debut at the age of 13 as Wee Jackie, one of the "Gorbals Dickards" in the BBC Scotland serial *Hungryman*, adapted from John Buchan's novel, attended drama college with his older sister and worked consistently as a child actor. His television appearances included roles in *A Sense of Freedom* (1981), the drama based on the murderer Jimmy Boyle's autobiography, *Playfair, The Cam-*

eron, Gow, Ghost Story and Deathwatch. He left school with no qualifications but went to college, then took a degree in social sciences at Glasgow Polytechnic with a view to a career in teaching.

Returning to acting, he appeared in the comedy sketch series *A Kick Up the Eighties* (1984) and alongside Robbie Coltrane and Tracey Ullman in *Laugh, I Nearly Paid My Licence Fee*, as well as with Rikki Fulton in *Scotch and Wry*. But he was best known for the role of Burney, which he first played in a 1983 Christmas Special, *Rab C. Nesbit's Seasonal Greet*, the first spin-off from *Naked Video*.

He acted in the first three full-length series of *Rab C. Nesbit* (1990–93) and also appeared in a stage version which toured Britain in 1993.

Having made his name in the comedy, he became co-presenter – as "Norton Yarnelly" – of a Scottish television Sunday morning children's series, *Wenys Bay 902101* (1993), alongside Grant Stott, who has since joined Children's BBC.

Last year, Cullen was convicted of child pornography offences, when his own history of

Anthony Hayward

Eric Cullen, actor: born 1965;

died 16 August 1996.



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len

being sexually abused since the age of 13 was revealed, but his nine-month prison sentence was reduced to three years probation on appeal. He had not worked since, but the wife of Rob C. Nesbit, Ian Paterson and the producer Colin Gilbert, were planning at the time of Cullen's death to invite him to appear in one episode of the next series of the TV show. Cullen's theatre work included appearances in London at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, *Pride of the City*, at the King's Theatre in Glasgow, and Edinburgh, and a tour of George's Marvelous Medicine with the Borderline Theatre Company. He also appeared regularly in pantomimes including *Mother Goose*, *The Garden Bird*, and *Tom Thumb*, all at the Gaiety Theatre, in Ayr, and also *Babes in the Wood* at the King's Theatre, Glasgow. He was a patron of the Volunteer Centre Scotland and of the David Cullen Childhood Leukaemia Fund.

Anthony Bayard
Eric Cullen, actor, born 1945,
died 16 August 1996.

The Independent Weekend



Who the Dickens invented Oliver Twist?

DJ Taylor on the art of George Cruikshank

Illustration: Mary Evans

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More women are victims of INTESTACY than DIVORCE

A woman, on average, lives longer than a man. So she is more likely to have to face the difficulties of intestacy - the legal term for being left in a mess because her husband didn't make a will.

Many men assume that, on their death, all their own will automatically go to their wives. This isn't so. When a man dies intestate, not just his wife but brothers, sisters and even cousins may have a claim on what he owned.

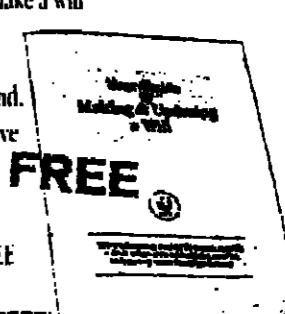
His widow may have to sell the house to pay off his relations. None of this need happen if he makes a will. Yet seven out of ten people fail to take this simple step.

Now, as a service to the public, WWF UK (World Wide Fund For Nature) has produced its own plain language guide to making a will. It explains:

- why everyone needs to make a will
- how to go about it
- and how to minimise tax liability on what you leave behind.

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If there is one thing guaranteed to make your palms itch with the desire to see something, it's a sign saying "No Entry". Hampton Court, still inhabited here and there by old ladies who have endeared themselves to the crown, is full of them: black gloss-painted barriers scattered liberally under arches. Jane Malcolm-Davies, in a black wool minidress, marches past one and through a low doorway. Beyond is a magnolia-painted corridor. "This is actually part of Wolsey's apartments," she says. "It used to be a delightful Department of the Environment green." Behind the walls, early visitors are looking at the Cardinal's exquisite taste in murals. Here, at the cutting edge of heritage, is something more practical: a lift that can hold five people, as long as they've brushed their teeth. It takes us to the second floor. There are buttons for the first and third, but it can't stop at either. The exit from the first is actually bricked up.

Jane Malcolm-Davies, in a black wool minidress, marches past one and through a low doorway. Beyond is a magnolia-painted corridor. "This is actually part of Wolsey's apartments," she says. "It used to be a delightful Department of the Environment green." Behind the walls, early visitors are looking at the Cardinal's exquisite taste in murals. Here, at the cutting edge of heritage, is something more practical: a lift that can hold five people, as long as they've brushed their teeth. It takes us to the second floor. There are buttons for the first and third, but it can't stop at either. The exit from the first is actually bricked up.

Next to a grace-and-favour apartment, whose ornately carved entrance belonged to that unfortunate noble, Catharine of Aragon, we enter a series of cluttered rooms. It's like being backstage at a very well-endowed school play: bulging racks of puffed silk dresses, swords, shoes, pikes, codpieces, corsets and hose. A mantelpiece serves as a stand for a set of polystyrene heads. Each bears a frizzy *peruke*. Elizabeth Taylor would be licking her lips.

Half a dozen people bustle about in various states of undress. *Tristan Langlois*, who kicks off the first tour of the William and Mary apartments, is already frock-coated, and fiddles with his wig. Lucy Capito, who guides people through Henry VIII's state rooms a quarter of an hour later, has all but her facing to complete. Julie Hudson and Alison Sim wear linen shifts. Roy Porter is in frilly shirt-sleeves.

There's a certain air of tension today. Julie, just back from holiday, is doing her first day as a Tudor, after three-and-a-half years in the following century. She's been preparing for a couple of months. "I'm very nervous," she says. "I did all the research before I went, and when I came back I couldn't remember anything about William and Mary, which I've been doing for more than three years. And Henry VIII is a total blank now." Alison calmly expects her to be fine. "It's always like this when you step out. But you bounce off the room a lot; there's always something that will spark your imagination, or someone will ask a question that sets you off."

Roy, meanwhile, is doing his first day ever in costume. He's going to be a Yeoman of the Guard – a "Stuart Yeoman of the Guard" – and shadow Tristan. He came down from Oxford a couple of

years ago ("I guess the subfusc prepared me for dressing up for a living") and worked in a warehouse before he joined JMD Heritage Interpretation. "It wasn't very enjoyable. No colour, no frills." He's got the frills now, in abundance: Jane picking his nose. "Do you want the green or the pink?" Everyone looks. "Pink," they cry. "Definitely," says Jane. "Shows how much of a man you are."

Hampton Court has been dressing a proportion of its guides in costume since 1992. The idea was the brainchild of the Historic Royal Palaces Interpretation Manager, Anne Fletcher. "We wanted to think of a way of giving information that was fun, and to make it as interactive as possible. Theory about how people learn and retain information suggests that the more you involve people, the more they remember. If you put a sign in a room saying, 'This was where the farandole was danced', they look at it and it means nothing. If you show it taking place, it's more memorable. If you let them learn the steps, it's even more so." After a successful experiment with hobby historians in the Tudor kitchens, Jane, who had co-founded the heritage interpretation company Past Pleasures in 1989, was drafted in to set up a professional team, and the rest, literally, is history.

The Malcolm-Davies guides have taken the costume thing to a new level. One could assume, glancing them unawares across the *Clock Court*, that this was some ghastly themepark, and indeed the guides themselves refer jokingly to their patches as "*Tudorland*" and "*William and Maryland*". Actually, they're more serious than that: you need a degree at least to be part of

JMD's 18-strong staff, and everyone is expected to contribute to the knowledge pool each year. Alison's book, *The Tudor Housewife*, is published by Sutton in September, and academic vacations see James Loxley, a lecturer at the University of Leeds, don tunic and codpiece and swank round the royal apartments. There is very little you can ask these people that they won't be able to come up with a plausible answer to.

And the punters love them. In Tudorland, Lucy leads a group of a good hundred round the sights. They brush occasionally against another group led by a more familiar type of guide – there will always be people who will doubt the credibility of someone dressed as a serving wench. Lucy's gang is captivated by the combination of the atrractive, humour and grinding knowledge, and participate eagerly.

Oddy, people seem more willing to ask questions of someone in a wimpie than a badge. Maybe one feels less self-conscious about handing when the person one is approaching looks so much more conspicuous.

There is also a tactile quality about these guides that you could never get from a hairoff wearing a pussycat bow. Their clothes, made in obsessively accurate detail under the auspices of the costume manager, Caroline Johnson, and costing around £1,000 per outfit (and that's before you add the wigs and shoes), are subjected to constant assault. "A lot of people," Julie sighs as she pulls on a starched linen cap, "want to feel your corset. Particularly men." Brenda, responsible for costume maintenance, has her work cut out. "The wear and tear is enormous. A lot of the garments can come apart very easily in an afternoon. The braid on

the Yeoman of the Guard costume can come in hanging off. I'll be putting them back together during the rest periods."

Apart from the manhandling, they enjoy their costumes. "My bodice," says Jane, who waltzes through the apartments dressed as a 17th-century grande dame, complete with heart-shaped beauty spots, "is better than a Wonderbra. It's worth all the inconvenience. It gives me a cleavage, which I would never have in normal life." And then there's the underwear question. "Personally I find it more comfortable not to wear any knickers. You've got all these layers of petticoats and it gets very hot. Knickers were really only invented in the late 19th/early 20th century. Actually, I find that quite an interesting subject to discuss with visitors, and they do ask, you know. And about codpieces. Laundry. Personal hygiene. All these things are of great fascination to the general public. You can go from underwear to politics in one breath. It's funny the leaps you can make."

Lunchtime, back in the dressing room, and everyone dons butchers' aprons as protection. Roy has acquitted himself well, even if his *peruke* and flat topper did make him look like the guitarist in Guns N' Roses. James fishes a wristwatch from the flap pocket of his frock coat. *Tristan* is a bit battered from the personal attentions of a thousand punters. "They'll come up and start tugging wigs and grabbing clothing without asking you. They wouldn't do that with an ordinary guide. The first time it happened, I was shocked. It's that velvet suit that does it. I get far fewer people wanting to touch me in my green one."

"I know," Lucy replies. "A lot of them think we're only there for photographs and that we're no better than models. They put their arms round you and try to kiss you – particularly foreign men. They think because you're dressed as a wench that you are one."

This sounds like purgatory. They disagree. "It's a brilliant job," says Julie. "It's one of the few ones where you're encouraged to carry on learning. You're always researching, you're always reading, you're always finding out new things. That doesn't happen in most jobs." Lucy still gets a buzz from it. "I love it. It's great seeing people's fascination. They've seen the clothes in pictures, but they can't imagine how it worked in reality. It's like seeing a picture come to life."

Things can get a tad tricksy, though. They're surprised by how few adversarial point-scorers they come across, but they all get put on the spot from time to time. "This lady once asked me," Lucy recalls, "if we were in the room where Jane Eyre was executed." Old Henry, it seems, was more of a polygamist than we thought.

SERENA MACKESY



In another life

Photograph by Glynn Griffiths

It's not cool to like Bruce. People feel embarrassed about seeing a macho man show emotion

Anything bad that happens to me is, I'm certain, a result of not touching Bruce Springsteen's hand. It was months ago, but I still feel angry because practically everyone else in the whole of the Brixton Academy got to press flesh with The Boss. It reminded me of all the times I didn't get a going-home bag at a party because the taller kids got in the way and took them all.

It's not been the best week. I can't sleep and everyone hates me and I'm still not Elizabeth Taylor in 1956. The last bit is the worst. Because sometimes, I almost convince myself that I am. Or I forget that I'm not. And then I catch sight of my reflection in the halogen-speared ladies' room of the pub. And I look like a crazy lady. "Wanna change my clothes, my hair, my face?" So now I want to be

Bruce Springsteen. It takes less lipstick. It's easier to live "Born to Run" than "Suddenly, Last Summer".

Richard agrees. He's a musician I became mates with because ... he loves Bruce too. This is actually a bigger deal than it sounds because, in modern prop, you're allowed to have about three reference points: The Jam, The Beatles and Madness. That's to say, we're all for working class icons, so long as they're either a) lad rock; b) experimental and sterile; c) joke. It is not cool to like Bruce. People feel deeply embarrassed about seeing a macho man show that much emotion. It's like watching your father cry. Pop insiders don't approve of anyone who gives that much, who doesn't stand stock still at the microphone, with his hands behind his back, who doesn't

do a cover of "Candy's Room". Today he is on a mission. He must have a jacket like Springsteen's on the cover of *Darkness on the Edge of Town*. By the end of the day, I swear he has tried on every black leather jacket in London, and still he finds nothing "tough" enough. I get cranky and need to eat, but don't want to stray off the Bruce theme, so we go to the Hard Rock Café, where we sit under the platinum disc of "Born in the USA". The waitresses at the Hard Rock are like the air stewardesses on TWA. Middle-aged and stressed, with sore feet and high hair.

As our waitress slams down my Coke, I tell Richard about the time I interviewed Jon Bon Jovi and found myself asking, as my third question, "Hey, you know Bruce Springsteen, don't you?"

He'd like me, wouldn't he? Jon Bon Jovi looks at me strangely. "No, I don't think he'd like you at all. I think you'd scare him."

Richard encourages me, and by the time I get home, I am a woman obsessed. Bruce likes red heads? Guess who leans over the tub and dyes their hair? Grace tells that if she has to hear 30 seconds more of "Thunder Road", she will be physically sick. It is at this point that not only must I meet him, but I must also be him. Dad is still hard at work when I pop into the office with the sleeve of *Darkness on the Edge of Town* to ask if he thinks I look like Bruce. "Yes, a lot. Look: you've both got two eyes and a nose and a mouth. What's wrong with your hair?"

I meet the girls for a few drinks, but that night worse than ever, I really can't sleep. Road workers are doing a little midnight mending outside my window. I watch them for a while. I have a bath. I read a book, I resolve to sit in bed and stare at the ceiling. Then the door bell rings. The screech of the bell ringing always scares me, even in the middle of the day. I creep down the stairs, wrapping my dressing-gown tight around me. Through the intercom I hear his growl. I lean out of the window and see Bruce on his Harley. The road workers are staring but he just calls up to me: "Fix yourself up pretty, come down here and get on that bike, girl. I saw you in the crowd at Brixton and I had to come for you. But you knew I would, didn't you baby? We're going down to the river". And we go.



EMMA FORREST

July 150

arts reviews

THEATRE

Love in a Wood New End, Hampstead

Paul Taylor uncovers the contemporary echoes in a comic tale of outdoor sex

If a modern dramatist were to write a play called *Hampstead Heath*, you could be fairly confident that its theme would not be the innocent delights of rambling in the fresh air. The same goes for Restoration works with "St James's Park" in their titles. As is demonstrated by London Classic Theatre Company's intelligent revival of Wycherley's *Love in a Wood, or St James's Park*, this resort was a nocturnal cruising area for both sexes. The panelled walls of Michael Cabor's production are thrown open for the erotic games of blind man's bluff - or "midnight courting" - in the disconcertingly frank al fresco episodes that are a highlight of this brutally unsentimental comedy about sexual intrigue and appetite.

"Your reputation!" declares Anna Kirke's nicely pinched and venal matchmaker to the lecherous skinflint, Alderman Gripe (Jeff Bellamy). "Indeed, your worship, 'tis well known there are grave men as your worship, men in office too, that adjourn their cares and businesses to come and unbend themselves at night here, with a little wizard-mask." Where earlier dramatists would have made a distinction of tone between the high and low plots, Wycherley pushes all his personae into the democratising darkness of the park.

Cabot ably manoeuvres a cast of 15 around a complicated plot of mistakes, multiple eavesdroppings, mistrust and mercenary entrapment. Amanda Osborne is very funny as Lady Flippant, the fortune-hunting widow who rails against marriage but hangs around the park at night in the hope of being chased. A contemporary audience has no trouble responding to her, or to the pharisaical Alderman, who is too mean even to pay the market rate for illicit sex before he is caught in *flagrante*. Modern parallels are drolly insinuated by pop songs and, less subtly, the bawd's cans of lager and Flippant's copy of *Hello!* magazine.

The difficulties begin with the characters we are meant to take more seriously. Valentine (Alexander Giles) is so insufferably mistrustful of his beloved Christina that he does not deserve her forgiveness at the end. And given that the smoothie rake, Ranger (Chris Gilling), had been about to rape his mistress, mistaking her for another woman, it is uncomfortable that he is the mouthpiece of the play's final encomium on marriage. It would be idle to claim that this, Wycherley's earliest play, is on the same level of achievement as *The Country Wife*. But Cabot's revival, the first London staging for more than 300 years, proves that its best bits still possess vigorous life.

To 8 Sept. Booking: 0171-794 0022

DANCE Nederlands Dans Theater, Edinburgh Playhouse

Whether dealing with questions of sexual identity or illusion versus reality, Jiri Kylian's work is distinguished by a uniquely human touch. By John Percival



Where does life end and performance begin? Nederlands Dans Theater's 'Bella Figura' has the answer

Photograph: Gernant Lewis

The fluency of Jiri Kylian's choreography, his unexpected twists of movement and concern for human values put him streets ahead of his contemporaries. At his best, he is unbeatable, as in the *Six Dances*, one of the works brought to the Edinburgh Festival this week by his Nederlands Dans Theater.

Set to Mozart's *German Dances*, this is an uproariously funny piece, but much more than that. Its dancers - in white wigs, trailing clouds of powder and 18th-century dishabille - show the links between Mozart's time and our own with swift, concise episodes that mingle rivalry, lust, aggression and alarm.

Kylian pulls off something comparable, but with modern music: in *Falling Angels*, where Steve Reich's *Drumming Part I* (seriously played by Circle Percussion) drives a cast of eight women through constantly changing geometric patterns in every direction of the stage. Each woman emerges briefly as a solo figure, suggesting the individuality as well as the solidarity and strength of her sex.

Placing that piece back to back with no pause against the all-male *Sarabande* renders the latter's send-up of macho posturing and smug confidence all the more devastating. But I wonder why its music, from a Bach *Partita*, had to be so unrecognisably electronically "processed" (by Dick Heuff) into an unbearable cacophony of harsh growls, screams and mocking shouts.

For a man whose choreographic response to music is excep-

tionally subtle and deep-probing, Kylian can be disconcertingly cavalier in assembling his scores. He treats Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms* as a consistent whole for a modern ritual (which needs, I think, to be more tightly danced than it was in Edinburgh), but for two big recent works given, one on each of his festival programmes, he has constructed collages from discrepant sources.

In both these works, Kylian is exploring ideas about life and our attitude to it. *Bella Figura* (which runs musically from *Perogolesi* to Lucas Foss) is probably the easier to follow, raising questions of what we see and what people do, as the dancers are often revealed and masked by moving curtains, asking where performance begins and how it differs from the rest of life.

The theme of *Whereabouts Unknown* is of past and present, or rather, past in present, as references to Aboriginal art and African masks colour the dancing patterns. The highlight of this work is so much the groups storming and swirling across the stage, thrilling as these are, but the quiet, puzzled, exploring final duo to Charles Ives's *The Unanswered Question*.

Kylian's 21 years as NDT's artistic director have built a unique and dedicated company of dancers, even if (like Balanchine before him) his attempts to find new choreographers from among them are often less rewarding. Will London follow Edinburgh and catch up with them before Kylian's silver jubilee in four years' time?

OPERA

Un Ballo in Maschera Holland Park, London

An al fresco masked ball with prize-winning singers. By Nick Kimberley

The Holland Park American Express Prize is given, not for singing a selection of arias and medley, but for a performance in a complete opera. Many might hope that it would promote some unseemingly upstaging; but it's more of a Man/Woman of the Match Award, a tribute to selfless endeavour on behalf of the team.

In this, the first year of the prize, winners were selected from performances given by Opera Holland Park, making its debut during the Holland Park opera season. In asking Anthony Besch to direct Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, Opera Holland Park placed itself in safe hands: too safe, perhaps. Besch was never going to give us *Ballo* as eerie psychodrama, but here it became a drama of firmly struck poses and fiddly business predictably timed to coincide with the music.

Perhaps Besch found the theatre difficult. Holland Park is an open-air venue, the stage a set of boards in front of a grand building of indeterminate age, from which singers emerge through handsome doors and elegant arches. In the battle against low-flying planes and splashing fountains, singers receive support from discreet amplification. This has the effect of flattening the sound field, as if every singer is equidistant from every listener, but it allows subtleties that might otherwise get lost on the breeze, and also compensates for moments of weightlessness in the reduced orchestra, ably conducted by David Gibson.

Principal roles went to different singers on alternate nights, and the cast I saw benefited from several strong contributions. Christine Bunning, looking like a young Josephine Barstow, showed pure tone and shapely phrasing as Amelia, while Theresa Goble's Madame Arvidson had the requisite ground-shaking chest register. On this occasion, though, it was the men who dominated: Bruce Rankin rarely looked comfortable as the king, Gustavus, but the voice rang out cleanly, an elegant foil for Gerard Quinn's Anckarström, sinister, dark and threatening. It was no surprise that Quinn was the male winner of the aforementioned prize. (the alternative Amelia, Jacqueline Bell, won the women's event): he filled the evening air with the menace that the opera demands.

This *Ballo* was sung in Italian, with no surtitles. It was depressing to see so many people reading the synopsis during the performance. The generalised moves of Besch's production revealed little, so there wasn't much alternative. Except to sing it in English.

Last performances: Sat 17, 2.30 & 7.30pm
(box office: 0171-602 7856)

TELEVISION A Very Important Person (BBC2) The long-term appeal of the BBC's celebrity stalker may not be as big as some of his victims' egos. By Jasper Rees

In *A Very Important Person*, the carrot-topped geek who accosts celebs with scaldingly rude questions was released on Hollywood. And Hollywood, where celebrity is next to godliness, hadn't a clue what to make of him. Time after time, the stars would be seduced, like moths to the flame, into the alluring glare of the camera light, only to get their wings singed to a crisp.

Poor Charlie Sheen, advised that he is "the most polished performer ... a shining example," was struck dumb by the tribute. "I'm not sure how to take that," he said when trapped again later with a gag about Vietnam vets having to

look after animals in the jungle. "On the chin," advised Dennis Pennis.

The dice were loaded against even the less dull-witted. Although Pennis the character is American (with an accent that slips under stress), his script team are English, and they unfairly peppered his interrogations with slangy Anglicisms. Jim Carrey had not previously come across someone called Jimmy Riddle. Michael Douglas was none too sure what Pennis meant by his "tackle". The erstwhile alcoholic Drew Barrymore, of course, had never heard of her English namesake Michael, who also enjoys the occasional stiff one.

The obstacle facing Pennis's act is the law of diminishing returns. There are only so many times you can fire off questions to Cindy Crawford about strange pets before your name gets around town. Cindy's rictus froze, while Demi Moore was similarly stunned when asked whether, if it were tastefully done, she'd ever consider doing a movie with her clothes on. Bull's-eye.

A mock report from a Hollywood gossip show warned of Pennis's "anti-celebrity activity". The item may actually have been a mere spoof, but, next time, the PRs of Tinsel Town will see him coming and get out their blackhalls.

Courtney Love had definitely heard of "this obnoxious guy from England". At the opening of Planet Hollywood, where he skewered most of his victims, he beckoned David Hasselhoff over and asked, "There's a lot of complicated text in *Baywatch*: is it important that the actresses have good mammaries?" A reporter on the patch next to Pennis promptly leaned into shot and told him he was screwing it up for everyone else.

And there could be something in that - the next time the BBC requests a formal interview with, say, Warren Beatty ("Warren, you're not seen in public very often: is it fair to say Beatty

is privatised?"), he may dimly recall the corporation logo wrapped round Pennis's microphone and politely decline. Certainly, a wounded Steve Martin excluded Britain from a promotional tour after a brutal Pennising.

When he's not performing the valuable public service of insulting celebrities, Pennis tends to lose his way. In one item used to pad the show out to half an hour, he fronted an ad for a fraudulent exercise accessory. In another, he played a vengeful lawyer of the kind he may one day need himself. The real moth, you suspect, is Pennis himself, sentenced to a short life of frenetic nocturnal activity.

THE SUNDAY REVIEW



For young blacks in South Central Los Angeles, life is usually nasty, brutish and short. Ennis Beley was lucky: aged 12, he achieved celebrity as a video diarist, then as a photographer. Admirers gave him an education, contacts, hope ... And then, in June, he was killed.

Matthew Heller tells the story of a hope that failed

Plus: Helen Fielding has a bad experience with a pizza

IN TOMORROW'S INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY

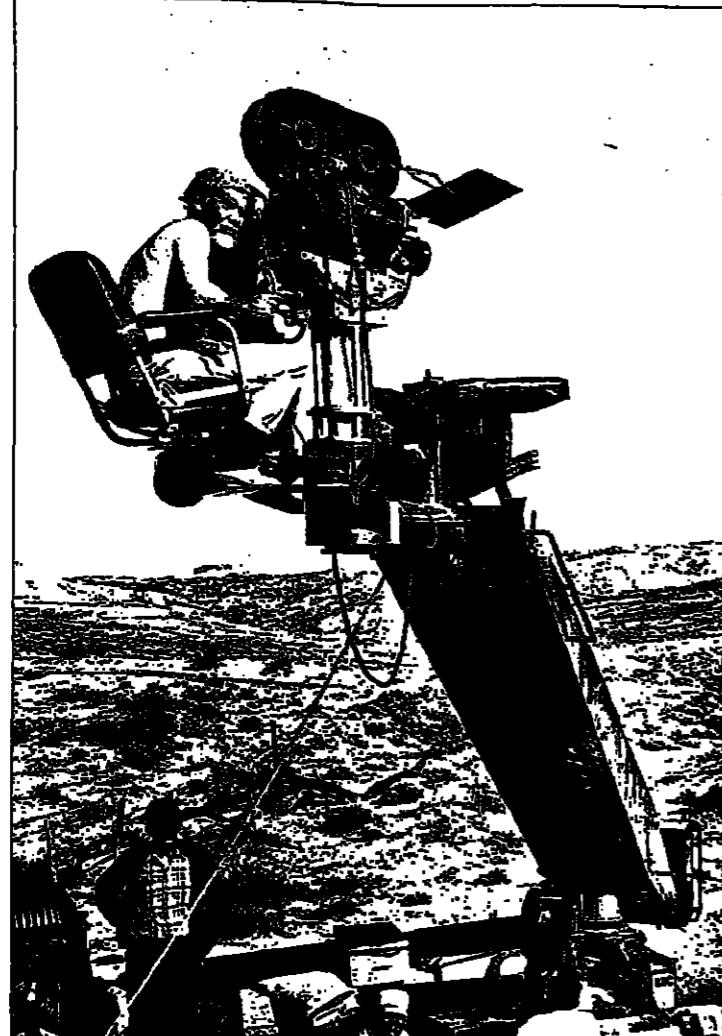


Whisk

books

A matter of life and death in the film industry

Faber's new series of movie biographies is launched this month. Frank McLynn goes for the wrap



All dolled up: Sam Peckinpah (left), maker of hyper-violent, celluloid bloodbaths, on the set of 'The Wild Bunch' (1969); William Holden (centre) and Ernest Borgnine (right)



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Movie biographies have come of age only in the present generation. Thirty years ago books written about the stars and directors of the silver screen were overwhelmingly scissors-and-paste jobs, where the principal source was the cuttings file. Nowadays film scholarship tends to be meticulous, with each studio archive carefully annotated and each interview scrupulously dated. The result has been some very fine books: *Learning on Welles*, *Spoto on Hitchcock*, *Manso on Brando*, *Lewis on Sellers*, to name a handful. This tradition is maintained in the half-dozen volumes with which Faber launches its series of movie biographies (all £12.99 paperback).

Kevin MacDonald's *Emmeric Pressburger: The Life and Death of a Screenwriter* (467pp) is a labour of love, as Pressburger was his grandfather. In partnership with Michael Powell as "The Archers", Pressburger wrote some of the finest movies in British film history: *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*, *A Matter of Life and Death*, *Black Narcissus*. Although he died at 86, his career was essentially

finished at 50. While Michael Powell enjoyed a revival and was taken up by Hollywood luminaries like Coppola and Scorsese, Pressburger was the forgotten man. The old joke says that if you have a Hungarian for a friend you don't need enemies, but this particular Hungarian refugee from the Nazis was really the one let down by his friend. Having over the years patched up many quarrels caused by the mercurial and difficult Powell, he was not taken under the umbrella when Powell's career got a new lease of life.

Although it should be taken with a pinch of salt, Don Siegel's *A Siegel Film* (500pp) is the most entertaining of the six. Siegel was a highly talented director of action movies (*Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, *Charley's War*, *The Shootist*) and did much to further the career of Clint Eastwood who figures prominently in these pages. Much of Siegel's book is taken up with a kind of "Thucydidean" dialogue with movie greats, allegedly a faithful transcript of the conversations. Now, either we have to accept that Siegel was an early Tony Benn, in that he tape-recorded everything, or we must believe that all

this is in the spirit of *l'escrit*. Since Siegel is consistently witty and wise and invariably gets the better of all his interlocutors, the conclusion is obvious.

Joseph Losey fled his native US and the anti-communist witchhunts to make a new career in Britain in 1952. He was one of the legion whose fame was a Sixties' phenomenon, being particularly associated with Dirk Bogarde (*The Servant*, *Accident*) and with Burton and Taylor. But what really established his reputation was the pacan from the influential *Cahiers du Cinéma* where one critic straight-facedly compared him to Valéry, Nietzsche, Hegel, Bach and Stendahl. According to David Caute in *Joseph Losey: A Revenge on Life* (591pp), Losey was a deeply unpleasant man, an apologist for Stalin who tried to avoid conscription in the Second World War and ducked a real confrontation with the McCarthyites. Certainly he got on the wrong side of J Edgar Hoover, and the lengthy FBI file is an important source for this book.

Another director to joust with the paladins of the House Un-American Activities Committee was Nicholas

Ray, like Losey a darling of *Cahiers du Cinéma*. Bernard Eisenschitz was a member of the board on that magazine, and the main fault of his *Nicholas Ray: An American Journey* (599pp) is that he concentrates overly on the film *œuvre* so that there is too little about Ray's private life. Ray was divorced after a brief marriage to Gloria Grahame, who promptly married Ray's eldest son. This should make sensational copy, but Eisenschitz mentions it and then hurried on to more film criticism. Given that many of Ray's movies (*Rebel without a Cause*, *Run for Cover*) centre on father-son conflict, this seems an odd way to write a biography.

The problem with Joseph McBride's *Frank Capra: The Catastrophe of Success* (763pp) is that the author does not like his subject. It is of course permissible for a biographer to "take against" his hero while writing the life, but McBride shows no real understanding of Capra the artist, and should have cried off the project on those grounds. In this book Capra is always wrong; he failed the challenge of the blacklist, and the real credit for his best films should go to the screenwriter Robert Riskin,

Pressburger to Capra's Powell. Even in the dispute with Columbia's notorious studio head Harry Cohn, where Capra was undoubtedly in the right, McBride manages to suggest that Capra over-reacted and behaved self-destructively.

The opposite problem arises with David Weddle's *Sam Peckinpah: If They Move... Kill 'Em!*. This is a further devotional offering to the cult of Peckinpah, misogynist, racist (see his treatment of Mexicans) and maker of hyper-violent celluloid bloodbaths. Of course for the Peckinpah cultists, the man is a genius, but there is not much one can do about cults. Weddle seems unable to grasp the point that it is permissible to make one film about hyper-violence (as Kubrick did with *A Clockwork Orange* and later recanted) but not to base a career on it. I wonder if anyone has ever produced such a string of prize turkeys as Peckinpah (*Straw Dogs*, *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo García*, *Convoy*, *The Killer Elite*, *Cross of Iron*, *The Osterman Weekend*). Faber's new venture is a treat for cinephiles, but tighter quality control in the product is recommended for the future.

All you need to know about the books you meant to read

by Gavin Griffiths

THE LEOPARD (1958)

by Giuseppe di Lampedusa

Lampedusa, a Sicilian nobleman, wrote his only novel to assuage melancholy. It was assembled and published posthumously.

Plot: Prince Fabrizio is a leopard, a self-absorbed aristocrat. In middle-age, facing the threat of Garibaldi and the Italian unification movement, he feels lapped in loneliness and treats his relatives with quiet disdain. The exception is Tancredi, his nephew. As the Bourbon king is deposed, Fabrizio knows that the old life is doomed. He encourages Tancredi to marry Angelica Sordi, daughter of a rich peasant. Concetta, Fabrizio's daughter, is mortified, for she loves Tancredi with ferocious pride. Marriage arrangements are completed and to celebrate the betrothal, there is a ball. As the Prince dances with Angelica, there are intimations of mortality. Twenty years later he has a stroke and dies in an hotel. Another 30 years pass. Concetta, a spinster, guards the palace. Angelica arrives and she wonders whether she might have married Tancredi after all. Tancredi has been buried some time: Concetta knows that the truth is buried with him.

Theme: Fabrizio watches "the ruin of his own class without ever making any move towards saving it." His decadence is a reflection of Sicily's. The illusions of political improvement are pitched against the certainty that happiness is transitory.

Style: Combining Count Tolstoy's bemused hauteur with Proust's sense of universal loss, the prose is archaic, aloof and voluptuous.

Chief strengths: Fabrizio's quietism is subjected to irony. Lampedusa's belief that the modern world is trite and fussy parallels his exposure of the Prince as cruel and unthinking.

Chief weaknesses: The story is so episodic that the characters have little room for development.

What they thought of it then: Initially turned down for publication, the book subsequently enjoyed worldwide success.

What we think of it now: Falls into the minor classic bracket along with *Le Grand Meaulnes*, *Catcher in the Rye* and *The Good Soldier*.

Responsible for: Visconti's film (1963) which is a *tour de force* despite bizarre dubbing and the imaginative decision to cast Burt Lancaster as the Prince.



Trouble under the lilac tree

Kate Atkinson is bewitched by a tale of two sisters

Along time ago Maria Owens came to Massachusetts with "her baby daughter, and a packet of diamonds sewn into the hem of her dress" and not much more. Since then every Owens woman has displayed her inheritance from Maria – a pair of grey eyes and a feeling for the extraordinary that lies just beneath the surface of the ordinary.

The otherworld that always inhabits the fringes of Alice Hoffman's books – the ghosts, the supernatural powers – is allowed a place centre stage in this book. For here are the aunts who can do real magic, who can cast a spell or make up love potions for the women who come to their back door at twilight, because the aunts, who smell "like lavender and sulphur", can "read desperation a mile away" and are not above sticking pins in the hearts of doves to give some foolish woman what she thinks she wants.

The aunts wear long black skirts and lace leather boots and they're so old "it's impossible to tell their age," but once long ago they were so beautiful that boys killed themselves for love. The aunts bring up orphan sisters, Gillian and Sally, after their parents die. The aunts' ideas on child-rearing are unconventional – "Sally and Gillian were never told to go to bed before midnight or reminded to brush their teeth".

James Wilby does full justice to Bruce Chatwin's extraordinary quest voyage in *Patagonia* (Reed Audio, 3hrs, £7.99), bringing its diverse characters vividly to life in accents that range effortlessly from whisky-sodden old pat to demonically inventive new Pat. It's an irresistible taster for the whole book.

Audiobooks

The Horse Whisperer
read by William Duffin
In Patagonia
read by James Wilby

The combination of pacy action, skilful cross-cutting and contemplative asides makes Nicholas Evans's highly-praised first novel *The Horse Whisperer* (Chivers, unabridged, 12hrs 40 mins, £16.95) perfectly suited to being heard rather than read. Delivered with well-sustained sympathy by New Englander William Duffin, it is absolutely gripping.

James Wilby does full justice to Bruce Chatwin's extraordinary quest voyage in *Patagonia* (Reed Audio, 3hrs, £7.99), bringing its diverse characters vividly to life in accents that range effortlessly from whisky-sodden old pat to demonically inventive new Pat. It's an irresistible taster for the whole book.

Christina Hardyment

Practical Magic
by Alice Hoffman
Macmillan, £15.99

phenomenon of the desert to the fertile fecundity of Massachusetts, spending her whole life "trying to be as self-sufficient as a stone". Sally becomes a wife, becomes a mother – to another set of Owens sisters. Antonia and Kylie – becomes a widow and decides to leave for somewhere where there's no horse's skull nailed to the fence to warn children away and "where no one pointed when her daughters walked down the street". And for years Sally achieves the normal life she craved, but she should know better: you can leave but you can't let go and you can't take the magic out of an Owens woman.

Then Sally turns up suddenly one night. She's brought her latest beau, Jimmy. He's sitting outside in the Oldsmobile as docile as a lamb for once. "Tall, dark, handsome and dead". The men in *Practical Magic* are handsome and good or handsome and bad. Jimmy, with his snakeskin boots and silver ring is "by far the best-looking guy Sally has ever seen, dead or alive" and Jimmy is very, very bad.

They bury Jimmy under the lilac trees at the bottom of the garden, but he won't rest. He keeps on bringing "bad fortune" and hangs around malevolently. The bad magic under the lilacs is a catalyst for change in this long hot summer of "humidity and greenery". Sally finds logic isn't enough and stops denying her emotions. Gillian stops running,

As ever, Hoffman draws a mean adolescent, and Kylie and Antonia are no exception. "Thirteen is a dangerous age. It's the time when a girl can snap, when good can turn to bad for no apparent reason, and you can lose your own child if you're not careful." Sally's girls grow, losing their outer magic, finding their inner magic. Gillian discovers something that every Owens woman before her has probably known, that "there is a progression and a sequence of possibilities when dealing with who a human can and will be."

Like the flashes of lightning that dart through the hot summers of this book, "trouble is just like love...it comes in unannounced and takes over before you've had a chance to reconsider, or even to think". Love is the redemptive force, of course. For Gillian there's Ben, a biology teacher and an amateur magician. For Sally there will be Gary Haller, who wears cowboy boots "coated with dust and is lean and tall like a scarecrow". Unfortunately he's also an investigator with the attorney general's office and is looking for Jimmy.

In the end, the aunts come up trumps, hot-footing it to Sally's house to deal with the "problem" under the lilac. The aunts aren't stupid, they've watched Oprah, they can deal with anything.

Hoffman isn't just Tyler-plus-magic realism, she's a great atmospheric story teller. Her books are full of women who keep on making lasagne and tuna fish casserole while around them life dissolves into chaos before it rises up and reforms into a new logic. Her books are a real pleasure – practical magic.

Bare-faced cheek

Patricia Craig reads a boys' own story of souped-up shenanigans

The Cove Shivering Club
Michael Curtin
Fourth Estate, £8.99

This is a very Irish novel: it's obsessive, inflated, clichéd, and keeps its women on the sidelines. Narrated by Junior Rash (Junior? What kind of an Irish name is Junior?), it is all about male competitiveness and camaraderie full of coded repartee and abundant in minor characters with monikers like Budge and Butch and Betsy and Kerr the Cop. It's a bit self-reflexive too.

The narrator is a comic novelist based in Kensi's Rise, author of such works as *Hand Me Down* and *The Second-hand Wardrobe* (Michael Curtin has written *The Self-Made Men* and *The Plastic Tomato Cutter*) though he spends a lot of time back in the west of Ireland carrying on with his old swimming mates: the Cove Shivering Club.

To join this virile body (men only, of course) you need to swim "bollock-naked" back and forth across the bay on a Good Friday, when the water is best described as "fresh". This feat is duly performed by Junior and his friend Dunstan Tucker, both aged ten, in 1955 – and a subsequent childhood disappointment, the failure of his father to raise the money for a week at the Seaside, warps Dunstan and leaves him with a mission in life: to get the better of banks, Dunstan's demented and convoluted financial dealings, and a Shivering Club presidential election, the substance of Michael Curtin's plot.

The novel comes with an accolade from Roddy Doyle ("sparkling and hilarious"), and indeed it has something of Doyle's own gusto and demotic charm, laid on thick. However, it is likely that only those whose

seems, is Irishmen's inability to embrace egalitarianism readily. Sexual appraisal, for example, still gets itself expressed in atrocious colloquialisms – "a terrific pair of dildies...would put a stalk on a dead Dominican".

The thing is to be as raunchy and incorrigible as possible. With *The Cove Shivering Club*, it's true, the narrator's ironic distance – all those "kids trying to be men and men hanging on to childhood", as he describes himself and his Swimming Club associates – helps to temper the endless knockabout loquacity, which threatens to become overwhelming, what with London Irish, pub frequenters' and native barbers' palaver. And there are moments when salutary fun is poked at such importations from the modern world as the Social Services Centre. What is overwhelming, though, is the orgy of cordiality which brings things to a close, with all fighting talk erased and apparent betrayals of friendship overturned. While you can't accuse the novel of displaying insufficient boldness, fluency or exuberance, you might, with justice, question its sharpness or discrimination. It doesn't lack a kind of rumbustiousness, but, as with all clubs and coterie, this appeal is ultimately limited.

And what are we to make of Junior's one-time schoolmaster, a Brother Clunkey, who first of all confesses to having had the hand of a cleaning woman up his soutane, and then goes on to clobber a pub singer in nun's garb calling herself Baptista and the Virgin? Perhaps the point is that there are no virgins in this act, just as the ex-Christian Brother himself embodies certain social upheavals in Irish life over the last 40-odd years – though what hasn't changed, it



Curtin: knockabout loquacity

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Taking the Kombi to the wonga vine

Bee-keeping hippies in New South Wales? Who cares, says Hugo Barnacle

THE LEOPARD (1958)
Giuseppe di Lampedusa
A Sicilian nobleman, his only novel to assure his posthumous reputation. It was assembled and published posthumously.

THE PRINCE (1957)
Principe Fabrizio is the leopard-skinned aristocrat. In middle age, facing the threat of communism and the Italian revolution movement, he feels isolated in loneliness and treats his relatives with quiet disdain. The exception is Tancredi, his nephew, the Bourbon king is deposed. Fabrizio knows that the old life is doomed. He encourages Tancredi's daughter, Angelica Sciarra, daughter of a rich peasant.

Concetta, Fabrizio's daughter, is satisfied, for she loves Tancredi with ferocious pride. Marriage arrangements are completed and during the betrothal, there is a dance. The Prince dances with Concetta, there are intimations of intimacy. Twenty years later he marries and dies in an hotel.

After 30 years pass, Concetta arrives and Concetta wonders whether she might have married Tancredi after all. Tancredi has been buried some time.

Concetta knows that the truth is buried with him.

Fabrizio watches the rumour of his own class without even making a move towards saving it. His indifference is a reflection of Sicily's illusions of political movement are puffed against the certainty that happiness is temporary.

Combining Cervantes' *Don Quixote* with Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*, the prose is aloof and voluptuous.

Gas lights and red crabs under a yellow moon

A novel about the artists and intelligentsia of war-time France is ruined by too much chat, says Carol Birch

Matisse's War
by Peter Everett
Cape, £15.99

end of the book you read of the death in Auschwitz of Danièle and Maïe Politzer, you have a vague recollection of their appearance somewhere amongst the 300-odd pages; but you can't for the life of you muster much more than the fact that their names ring a bell. They probably joined in a three-page formal discussion on life, art or

The Glade Within the Grove
David Foster
Fourth Estate, £16.99

the first year of the commune's existence. Nothing much actually happens except a few arguments and a battery-charging problem with the VW Kombi van. (There is a local killer on the loose, but he turns out to be a bit of a non-sequitur.) All the rest we have to gather from footnotes and asides.

It is quite difficult, in fact, to gather anything. In the long dialogue passages, Foster never says who is speaking. He just prints the lines and you try to work it out for yourself. He seldom says what the characters are doing, either. Nor is it always clear where they are or how they got there.

Interior settings consist of lists of objects, exterior settings of botanical names: "Cockspur, blushing bindweed, wonga vine. Higher up, on the dry ridge, hickory wattle, cranberry heath, Swamson pea, slender bitter pea, prickly shaggy pea, leafless sourbrush."

There are innumerable clevernesses that don't quite come off. D'Arcy, explaining the importance of trees to the climate, says, "Irish weather has steadily deteriorated over the past 1000 years...since the coming of the Celts, with their iron axe." But the Celts came to Ireland more like 2000 years ago.

Or again, "According to Mark, whose Gospel was the first Gospel to appear, the Incarnation of Christ occurred at the moment of Baptism...His Mother is of no more concern to me than the

woman next door." But the idea of Incarnation does not appear in the Gospels at all, and was only confirmed as doctrine by the Council of Chalcedon in 351.

Or again, "Perusal of Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*...We read where Lancelot, wounded in battle, lay with Queen Guenevere all night, but both denied adultery when sprung the next day. He probably didn't put it in."

But Malory says, "sir Launcelot went to bedde with the quene and toke no force of hys herte hond, but toke hys plesaunce and hys lykyng untill hit was the dawnyng of the day," which hardly sounds like a *uite blanche*. And he didn't hurt his hand in battle, he did it breaking through the window, which also suggests he meant business.

Or again, Eugene the American deserter says of his time as a GI in Vietnam, "And people don't seem to know what I've been through, you know?...The noise from those B52s!"

Very funny, except that the B52s were stationed in Thailand and Guam, far from Vietnam, and over the war zone they cruised eight miles high, notoriously inaudible from the ground. It was their silence that made them so sinister.

Almost all the book's smart-alec observations come unstuck one way or another. But at least it makes for consistency of tone, and it may be part of an ironic post-modern strategem, along with the sexist treatment of the women characters and the prevailing absence of point, intended as a comment on the sloppymindedness of hippies. Hard to say, or care.



ALICE BUNN
THE XTC

Like his modern counterpart, the supermarket manager, the Victorian kitchen gardener was an ambitious man - producing everything from winter pineapples, grapes, apricots, and avocado pears to the six varieties of Swiss chard, illustrated here by Ernest Barnaby in 1776 (clockwise from top left, golden-veined, red-cremone, red-cremone, silver-cremone, Swiss chard, yellow Chilean, red Chilean, silver-cremone.) Barnaby's lessons drawings are taken from Susan Campbell's mouth-watering and informative book, 'Charleston Kettling: A History of Kitchen Gardening' (Ebony Press, £30.00) which explores and illustrates the horticultural secrets of the kitchen gardens from Roman times to the present day.

What the book is, is a brilliant memoir of Trinidad's cricketing culture, and its social and political ramifications, and its place in the world-wide cricketing culture.

What we think of it now, falls into the minor classic bracket along with *Grand Meaux*, *Cricket in the Dark* and *The Great Game*.

Responsible for *Cricket in the Dark* which is a tour de force, despite its naive dubbing and lack of imaginative depth, is David R. Lancaster as the Prince.

PAPERBACKS Entertainingly epicene, subjected to irony, it's unpredictable that the match in world cricket and today parallels his exposure of the Prince as critical and unflinching.

COLD SHANANIGANS The book is so epicene that the characters have little room for development.

WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF IT Then I finally turned down for publication, the book subsequently achieved world-wide success.

WHAT WE THINK OF IT falls into the minor classic bracket along with *Grand Meaux*, *Cricket in the Dark* and *The Great Game*.

Responsible for *Cricket in the Dark* which is a tour de force, despite its naive dubbing and lack of imaginative depth, is David R. Lancaster as the Prince.

Paperbacks



Reviewed by Emma Hagestadt and Christopher Hirst

Beyond a Boundary by C.L.R. James (Serpent's Tail, £8.99) First published in 1963, this is not quite the ground-breaking synthesis of cricket and politics that some have claimed. It incorporates a beautifully observed memoir of Trinidad ("on Sunday...the underwear of the women crackled with starch") but occasionally strays into tedious didacticism. The heart of the book is passionate and profound study of West Indian inter-war cricketing heroes, ranging from the "princely" Learie Constantine to a forgotten wicket-keeping genius called Piggott who held his hands "one inch from the wicket".

A Wild Herb Soup by Emile Carles (Indigo, £17.99)

This lucid, unsentimental memoir of hard times in a sublime Alpine community was an international best-seller. Born into grinding poverty in 1900, Carles was clever and hard-working enough to get herself a good education. Though her life was marked by tragedy - her mother struck by lightning, her sister sent mad by an alcoholic, pyromaniac husband - Carles emerges as resilient and high principled. An ardent pacifist, she fought and won a fierce battle against the motorway planned for her isolated homeland. An incandescent life-story deserved by an infinitesimal typeface.

In the Sixties ed by Ray Connolly (Pavilion, £6.99)

Clever and audacious, Connolly's cult of clippings ranges far beyond the usual Sixties hippy-druggy-pop Zeitgeist. Of course, this milieu does appear - an amusing piece about Ken Kesey in London, Lemire's infamous "We're more popular than Jesus" interview and Rees-Mogg's "butterfly-on-a-wheel" defence of Jagger. But there's also Khe Sanh, Profumo, Aberfan and Ulster, together with a pleasing assortment of oddities including profiles of Charles Atlas and Ivy Benson. Connolly's contention that "it was an excellent era for journalism" more than holds up.

Old Scores by Frederic Raphael (Phoenix, £6.99)

Raphael's latest novel of "bright young things" (not Oxford undergrads in long scarves, but Eighties yuppies) is worth reading just for his stabs at contemporary dialogue. "Hairy hell! Sod it, honestly!" exclaims a *Daily Telegraph*-like journalist when he finds his penis covered in white paint. To which his girlfriend replies, while contemplating the "odd angle" of his erection: "You were jolly here-comes-Charlie, you know?" It's not until the story moves from SW1 to the Dordogne - with an unlikely new plot-twist involving a French resistance hero - that the dialogue mercifully lapses into French.

politics, then vanished. For of such the book largely consists.

Matisse, at 70, keeps his head down, pursuing a course of resolute non-involvement and worrying about the problems of getting art materials in wartime ("There is no joy to equal that of buying a kilo of blue pigment, or of yellow ochre; even or black"). "My function is to paint," Matisse goes on to declare, "not to bear witness."

The surreal poet, Louis Aragon, and his wife Elsa Triolet join the Resistance. Aragon fights, witnessing the horrors of combat first-hand. And the war drugs on. Matisse, we are told, "gave up seeking

to extract the meaningful at the time as he gave up any interest in the audience's anticipation of narrative." Everett's book mirrors this.

Matisse's War is highly stylised, consisting of numerous short, unrelated sections through which the vast cast drifts, endlessly talking shop.

And how they talk. Like well-rehearsed guests in a studio discussion, like voice-overs for a highbrow documentary, they enlighten, inform, conjecture; flawless speeches are delivered word perfect, so long and textual that sometimes you lose the sense of the spoken word altogether and are pulled up

short by the sudden incongruity of an inverted comma at the end of several weighty paragraphs. Everybody sounds the same.

Somewhere here there is a novel trying to get out. There is an old man worried about the effects of barbiturates on his work, the patient ennui of ageing lovers, scenes of horror and pathos and the chronic disorder of war. The writing is polished and formal, the descriptions of Matisse's paintings glow: "My moon is yellow with a red spiral. You can see Antibes in the upper left of the painting: gas lamps light the sea to lure the fish, and a crab hangs on the rocks."

But every novelistic shoot is drowned in an ocean of information.

Peter Everett is an erudite man, his research meticulous, but *Matisse's War* would have been a far more successful book if he had not tried to include everything. So great are his efforts to shoehorn in yet one more fact about the period, one more newspaper reference, that whole scenes and conversations seem contrived purely for this purpose. So great is the control that variation is banished, and the same tone conveys passion, pain, joy and outrage. Somehow, despite the depicted brightness of the Matisse canvases, all is monotone.

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Postcards from the hedge

David Cohen talks to three people who bought the landscape of their dreams



Relaxing for Jim McAllister means hard labour at his 350-acre estate on the Surrey Downs

Photograph: Edward Sykes

When it comes to owning our own patch of green, most of us settle for a pot plant or a hedge. But not Margaret Gordon. She withdrew her savings of £5,500 and bought a Hampshire meadow. What was in it? "Nothing. Just a lot of grass," she laughs. "One and a half acres of it. I wanted fresh air, a space to dream and be creative and to see the sky again. It was my bid for freedom." Gordon, 43, is a management consultant from Southampton who earns £25,000 a year advising companies on stress management. When it came to alleviating her own stress, however, it was not a room with a view she sought, but a view with room, and plenty of it; a place to put her feet up and simply watch the grass grow. "The vista from my field is absolutely stunning," she says. "I look out over a river valley and can see 40 miles to the South Downs, the Solent and all the way to the Isle of Wight."

Gordon's hunt for a field of dreams began two years ago when she discovered that a friend shared the same yearning. The land agents they approached could only offer them expensive pony paddocks, but they persisted with their search and stumbled across a farmer selling 25 acres of arable land. They persuaded him to subdivide and bought three acres, which they halved between them. Now she drives to her meadow every weekend and often pops over on the way home from work to watch the sun set. "I love the peace and quiet, the sound of the wind in the trees, the birds, the thrill of being nowhere exactly. I don't have to insure it or fret that someone will steal or break it. Apart from arranging to give it a 'hay-cut' once a year, it's the ultimate worry-free possession," she enthuses.

Surprisingly, it is not difficult for ordinary individuals with a small amount of spare cash to buy a piece of the countryside, be it a field, a river or a forest. There are currently more than 30 "Forests for Sale" throughout the UK on the

books of specialist chartered surveyors like Bidwells and Clegg, with price-tags ranging from £7,000 to £2.75 million. And according to Raymond Henderson of Bidwells, more and more city folk are becoming hip to the fact that it's affordable and very straightforward to purchase their own private woodland.

Jim McAllister, 51, the chairman of a property investment company, who lives in Chiswick, west London, bought his forest, near Guildford, 10 years ago. "I grew up on the edge of a forest in Scotland so I was used to running wild and having hills and trees around me," he says. "When I came to live in London, I used to drive to the Surrey Downs with my family every weekend and cycle through the woodland. One day I saw a For Sale sign at the entrance to my favourite forest. It was a magical place. But when I called the agent, it had already gone to someone else. I was bitterly disappointed. Then as luck had it, the sale fell through, they re-tendered and my offer was accepted."

McAllister's forest stretches across 350 acres and cost in the region of £300,000. It has 23 varieties of trees, some more than 500 years old, including Scots pine and Douglas firs, as well as 10 kilometres of track and a thriving wildlife population of deer, foxes, hawks, owls, rabbits, squirrels, grass snakes, adders, pheasants and badgers.

"I often work from 6am to midnight in my business, so by the end of the week I can't wait to get

down here and relax," he says. Relaxing to McAllister means hard physical labour in the woods, building up a sweat before lunch, at which time friends might arrive for a barbecue. "It's calming to be in a forest," he says. "When one is successful in business, it is easy to become over-inflated and lose perspective. Being in my forest brings me down to size. I walk amongst trees that have been here for hundreds of years and I realise that I'm not so significant, that I am only here for a relatively short time."

But what began as a casual interest has become his passion. McAllister has completed forestry courses and learnt to cut down trees and maintain habitats. His four children and their friends muck in as well. To maintain a forest costs money, and McAllister employs foresters to help him, but how much you spend is entirely up to you. "To get to know your forest and the animals that live in it is fascinating. You can't compare that kind of intimate knowledge with going for a stroll in the country. It's awe-inspiring, magical. My favourite time is first thing in the morning, walking down a track and seeing a fox or a deer silhouetted against the early morning rising sun and totally unaware of my presence."

But if it's space and freedom you're after, why stop at a forest? Why not buy the ultimate – an island? Or are they the preserve of the mega-rich?

Farhad Vladi, a 51-year-old Canadian, attributes his love of islands to a boyhood romance that

never wore off: "I read Robinson Crusoe when I was far too young and have been smitten with island fever ever since," he says. "When I was an economics student, I read about an island for sale that was part of the Seychelles group and set off to buy it. But when I got there I discovered they were asking \$300,000, which I could not afford. So I did the next best thing, I found a buyer and used the finder's fee to build up my own capital so that one day I could buy my own island."

Thirty years later, having acted as agent in the sale of more than 500 islands to private individuals, Vladi has three islands to call his own: Sleepy Cove off the coast of Canada; Gallois Island in the US and a 2,000-acre island with sheep off the coast of New Zealand. He won't divulge price, but insists that you don't have to be film star-rich to buy an island. "In Canada, Scotland and Finland, you can pick up an island for £25,000, or £200,000 buys a first-class island with house, beach, anchorage, proximity to mainland, nice elevations, a lake and a river." Indeed, this summer, 19 islands off Scotland's west coast are under the hammer, some with an asking price of no more than a medium-sized house in London.

Of course, getting to your island can cost a packet. Vladi must fly to the nearest city, drive to the nearest port and then take a small boat to his jetty. But cost aside, aren't island owners quite different to the kind of people that buy fields or forests? "Sure, there are crazy guys who buy islands because they want to rule like ego-maniacs over their kingdom, or because they are social misfits, but I am not like that," declares Vladi. "I use my islands to recharge my batteries just like anyone else. I just get to do it in perfect surroundings, encircled on all sides by blue sea, with neighbours to bicker with and no government to tell me what to do. It's the closest you can get on earth to pure freedom. And what could be more thrilling than that?"

Cranks taken in by pranks? That is how many people view the faithful few who carry out research into crop circles; but if you spend a day in the company of a dedicated practitioner such as Lucy Pringle, you can hardly emerge with scepticism intact.

In her estimation, this has been a bumper season for crop formations. It started late, because the crops themselves were late after the cold spring, but it flowered into a splendid harvest as amazing shapes appeared in wheat and barley across the chalk downlands of Wiltshire, Hampshire and Berkshire, with outliers as far afield as Somerset and Nottingham.

Some of them, certainly, were man-made. There was no secret, for instance, about the twin circles joined by a bar – a kind of dumbbell – which manifested themselves on the farm belonging to Tim and Poly Carson near Alton Barnes. These were laid out one night by two young Germans, whose addiction to the creation of formations is such that, with the agreement of the farmers, they come over every summer to try some new design.

Yet in Lucy's view many formations derive from natural causes. One of this year's most remarkable was the huge pattern close to Stonehenge which appeared early in the evening of 7 July. The pilot of a light aircraft coming up from Exeter flew over the field as he was starting his descent into Thruxton, some five minutes away. At that moment the wheat was unblemished. When he returned within half an hour, the corn below him was imprinted with an astonishing array.

Experts described the formation as a Julia set, or fractal image (one which can be divided *ad infinitum*): several dozen circles of swept-down corn had appeared in a lazy curve reminiscent of a lizard seen from above. The circles graduated in diameter from a couple of feet at the tail to 15 yards at the head, and the whole layout was 900 feet long by 500 wide. As Lucy remarked, it was inconceivable that humans could have made it unobserved, and in fewer than 30 minutes.

The same applied still more emphatically to an even bigger formation which appeared at the foot of Windmill Hill, near the village of Yatesbury, on the night of 1 August. This was another fractal image, but a triple one, with three lizard-like curves of circles swinging into a single head, the whole more than 1,000 feet across.

When Lucy first visited this site, two days later, the swept-down corn had "a marvellous bounce to it" – the sure sign (in her view) of a formation made by natural forces. In man-made circles the crop is crushed and flattened, but in others it is left fluffed up in an even blanket six or eight inches off the earth. The destructive agent appears to be a sudden burst of energy which softens the stalks of the corn just above the soil.

When I visited the site, I was immediately struck by the fact that from ground level, in a field set on only the gentlest slope, it was impossible to see the whole formation at once, or to get any idea of its shape. Only when we flew over could I appreciate that the whole was laid out with astonishing elegance and precision.

A veteran of many summers' research, Lucy is cautious with explanations. "Everyone thinks up the wildest ideas," she says. "For example that the triple Julia was somehow created by a Ministry of Defence satellite operating bomb-disposal equipment." She mentions ley lines and believes that Windmill Hill, Silbury Hill and the like are "power-packed places".

She herself believes that natural formations are caused by abrupt discharges of energy, and she can report many curious happenings. Last year, when two labradors entered a circle, they ran amok and attacked the nearest human; outside the formation again, they reverted to their normal sleepy selves. This time, several people who went into the Stonehenge formation felt extremely ill, and one man – a molecular biologist, used to working with radiation – staggered out claiming that he had been irradiated. Over the next few days the bodies of visitors passing through seemed to drain off the energy, but grains of wheat still carried a high charge.

Flying low along the line of the Ridgeway – the ancient track that follows the top of the Downs – we came eyeball-to-eyeball with the Uffington White Horse, with Iron Age hill forts, with prehistoric burial mounds. Out in the plain to the south the megaliths of Avebury and Stonehenge sentinel. Could it be that the forces which shape crop formations today are the same as those which made primitive people raise their monuments in this wide-open landscape?



**DUFF
HART-DAVIS**



The closest you can get to pure freedom! says Farhad Vladi of his three islands



Photograph: Planet Earth

Return of the grouse on the Welsh hills of Pale Moor

By Michael Prestage

What happened in Wales on the Glorious 12th? Not a great deal, and certainly nothing much at Pale Moor in North Wales. At the start of the grouse-shooting season, gamekeeper Craig Jones listened in vain for the sound of grouse – and other birds. All that could be seen were crows circling beyond the range of the shotgun he carried.

"The air should be alive with birdsong, including the rapid-fire call of grouse," he said. "But listen, there's complete silence." Yet an unusual alliance of conservationists and field sports enthusiasts is working on a five-year project to re-introduce the red grouse across thousands of acres of heather moorland in Wales. Other moorland species, such as the black grouse, golden plover and lapwing, will also benefit if the collaboration between the Countryside Council for Wales, the Game Conservancy Trust and the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds is successful.

And the showpiece for the newly-formed Welsh Grouse Project is the 8,000-acre Pale Moor, near Bala, Gwynedd. Here it is hoped that grouse will

survive if moorland is properly managed.

Paradoxically, if the sound of shotguns are again heard on Welsh moors the project will have been a success. For the money raised from the bird's popularity as a quarry for shooting will help underwrite the conservation work.

Years of neglect have taken their toll at Pale Moor: the heather has been allowed to grow without regular burning and is now the wrong height for many bird species; the population of predators has gone unchecked; and there are too many sheep being grazed.

Controlling predators is a priority. A trap set high on the moor contains the latest batch of crows to fall prey to the new gamekeeper and they will be humanely dispatched, as will the foxes that come within sight of his gun.

A quarter of a century ago Wales had a higher density of red grouse than Scotland, but predation coupled with overgrazing and disease has reduced the population to the point of extinction. There are believed to be fewer than 1,000 breeding pairs left. Mr Jones said. "It is all a question of balance. Over the

last 40 years the balance has swung in favour of agriculture."

He explained there are now no large, formal grouse shoots in Wales and it is unlikely they would ever return. Yet they hope to raise grouse numbers to a level where field-sports enthusiasts can enjoy their sport.

"In Scotland, continued

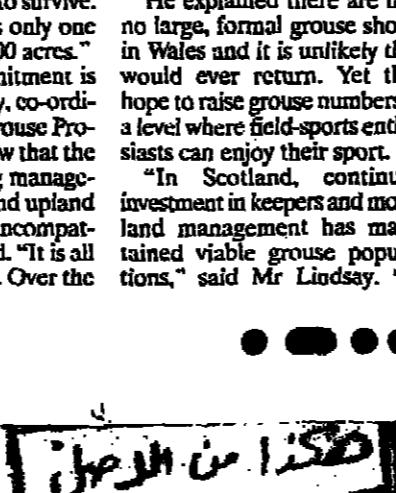
investment in keepers and moorland management has maintained viable grouse populations," said Mr Lindsay. "In

Wales, this tradition has, with very few exceptions, been lost, resulting in a downward spiral of fewer grouse, fewer keepers and less management. Hand-in-hand with this has been the decline in the quality of heather upland."

The Welsh Grouse Project will study grouse numbers and research into specific problems, such as bracken, which is overrunning the heather moorlands. Blood tests on grouse shot in the Berwyn Mountains, close to

the Pale Moor, showed high levels of louping-ill, one of the two major illnesses affecting the birds. It can cause 80 per cent mortality in chicks and research on a cure is under way.

"If all goes well there will be a sufficient population of grouse built up in five years," said Craig Jones. "That is the challenge for me. What makes it all the more rewarding is that I am helping restore a moor that is an asset for Wales."



Photograph: Planet Earth

shopping

Six of the best menswear in white

1 Jigsaw Menswear drawstring parka, £97. Something for Liam Gallagher fans. A waterproof parka small enough to be stuffed into a pocket. Jigsaw Menswear, 9-10 Floral Street, London WC2; 22 Market Street, Cambridge; 61 Buchanan Street, Glasgow and branches nationwide. Stockist enquiries, 0171-5651 2507.

2 French Connection jeans, £48. White jeans are probably the most sensible option for white trousers. They will endure beyond the fads of different trouser cuts. From branches of French Connection nationwide. Stockist enquiries, 0171-580 2507.

3 Armand Basi towelling top, £50. This round-necked, long-sleeved top is extremely comfortable, though, those not accustomed to today's outlandish fabrics may find the idea of wearing something resembling a nappy a bit bizarre. From Armand Basi, 12 Floral Street, London WC2; Wardrobe, Deansgate, Manchester and Nichols, Great Western Arcade, Birmingham. Stockist enquiries, 0171-278 4843.

4 Sally Gissing belt, £49. Crocodile-print white patent belt with a silver buckle. For smoothies eager to slip into that head-to-toe white, Seventies-style suit. From Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW1. Stockist enquiries, 0171-267 9303.

5 Calvin Klein pants, £17.95. These now classic boxer shorts are featured mainly as a warning to men: if you're going to wear white, worry about the shade of your underwear. Women have to every day. From Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW1 and branches of House of Fraser nationwide.

6 Jones the Bootmaker white flat-fronted loafers, £69.99. A clean, neat look, that is a refreshing break from built-up soles and flashy logos. Jones the Bootmaker nationwide. Stockist enquiries, 01323 649408.



Stylist: Charlie Harrington. Photographer: Tony Buckingham

The thing about... personal stationery

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Which act has caused the biggest collective sigh of frustration recently? The answer is yet another re-organisation of area telephone dialling codes. The human animal dislikes change at the best of times, but this seemingly deliberate act is guaranteed to cause wailing and gnashing of teeth. All those change-of-number notification cards; the extra digits in your Filofax; the agony of working out how to re-programme the phone.

Still, some will be smiling gamely at the silver lining as the cloud descends: the stationers. The last time this happened there was some suspicion, especially in London, where line-renters had already been subject to one change, that someone somewhere was getting kick-backs from the printers of letterheads; that suspicion will become conviction now.

One can understand that companies might rely on a pristine letterhead. The mystery is why individuals persist in laying out extortionate amounts for boxes of the stuff. The answer, of course, is that once you've started you can't stop: the personality type that needs a perfect letterhead in the first place can never be satisfied with ball-point-written phone numbers.

So what does your bought letterhead say about you? First of all, it suggests a certain illiteracy where computers are concerned. Now that most households have access to a computer, even if it is the one bought with supermarket tokens for a grandchild's school, it would be easy enough to change your letterhead at will. But a laser print is often not enough. We've all seen intolerable snobs run their thumbnails over invitations and sneer if they're not embossed. They do it with addresses, too. If you mind about that sort of thing, get help.

Consider help, also, if you have a plastic bag full of little gold stick-ons. It's a generally acknowledged rule among those who receive hate mail that the most vituperative, unless it's anonymous, generally comes with one of these labels attached.

Typefaces, also, say more about the chooser than they would like. Respectable companies, after all, are using graphologists in their recruitment processes these days. Beware of curly script learnt in American handwriting classes, actually known as English; people who have this tend to be cosiness and sentimentality. Lovers of Gothic are startlingly prone to competitive pedantry. Umbra, that 3-D effect shadow script, suggests an ego out of control. The Art Deco of Broadway is popular with advertising wannabes. You're probably best off with plain Roman. It may denote conservatism or indeed lack of imagination, but at least no one will spot your own particular brand of insanity.

Serena Mackesy

In last week's column, Tesco's new Clubcard Plus became "Cabinet Plus". Apologies to the store and any confused readers.

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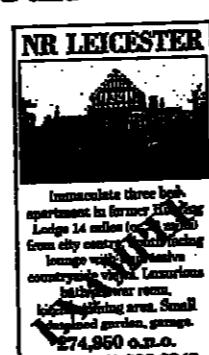
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What would you pay for a gorgeous garden? A beautiful, mature plot might not command the premium you expect

By Penny Jackson

A friend's mother always insists that she lives in a garden with a cottage. After years of army postings during which time she satisfied her love of plants by sketching strange and exotic flowers, she finally settled in a sheltered Somerset valley. Nothing will uproot her now from the garden it took so long to create. But for many people, moving is a chance to start again, to get it right. At last the problem of a garden too large or too small or too windy can be remedied. And even though buyers with soil testers rather than tape measures are thin on the ground, gardens can make – or break – a sale.

What is surprising, perhaps, is that a beautiful, mature garden does not necessarily lead to a rush of offers. When Wendy Lauderdale put her three-bedroom Wiltshire cottage on the market in the early summer, she anticipated a quick sale. It was not just that it was pretty, thatched and in open countryside close to the famous Stourhead Estate, but because the garden is gorgeous. Mrs Lauderdale opened it up under the National Gardens Scheme and two years ago it was voted as one of the places visitors most enjoyed.

It is the kind of garden most of us can only dream of creating. At the moment it is at a high-summer peak: hydrangeas and the tall, ethereal, lilac-coloured Thalictrum are in full bloom in borders mixed with different shades of bergamot and interspersed with pots of lilies. Alongside a pergola of honeysuckle, roses and clematis – now past its best – Japanese anemones are springing up. Phlox are on the verge of spectacular. Dramatic but also, it seems, daunting.

"So many people say they could never manage the upkeep," said Mrs Lauderdale. "In fact the hard work is done, all it needs is a bit of thinning out, dead heading in summer and then pruning. But I haven't seen a real gardener yet. You would be amazed how many people trip down the path without even a glance at the garden."

It was 12 years ago that she and her



Wendy Lauderdale at work in the garden she created 12 years ago

Photograph: Christopher Jones

husband bought the cottage, on a National Trust lease. The Laudermores carved the garden out of field and thistle into distinctive areas – which makes it seem larger than its half an acre.

Wendy Lauderdale has even written a book, describing its creation. Nevertheless, she is pragmatic about her imminent departure: "I can always

create another garden, and I always tell people that they don't have to keep it as it is. They can concrete it over if they want to."

Size of garden can prove a sticking point, estate agents find. Simon Barker of Michael de Pelet who, with Knight Frank, is selling the Lauderdale's house for offers in excess of £185,000, said

that many are specific – it limits their choice of house," he said.

Many buyers who are keen gardeners like the idea of starting from scratch and the potential of a house with either a neglected garden or surrounded by rough land has a strong appeal, especially if it is in a good position. While at the other end of the scale, there is a premium on houses with gardens designed by someone famous. Ian Stewart of Savills reckons that a Gertrude Jekyll garden, for instance, adds at least 10 percent to the value. "It has to go to the right person, someone who appreciates the planting and that a good garden cannot be created overnight."

Certainly, in London, where designers are at work on posh-spatios, an established garden with traits of Jekyll-inspired naturalism would be snapped up. But, again, size can be a drawback. Ben Stagg, of Goldschmidt & Howland's Hampstead office, says that some people refuse to touch a large garden with a bargepole, even if the upkeep is less than for a small, intricate plot. "If a family does want a large garden, they often go for zero maintenance – trees and a good area of grass for the kids to play on." A good-sized period property in Hampstead with a garden of about 50ft would be in the region of £500,000 to £1m.

As for the perennial search for the perfect south-facing plot, in many cases this is a waste of effort, says Mr Stagg. "A south-facing garden is no good if you have very tall building or trees at the end. A north-facing garden that is open to the west can be much sunnier."

However, in central London, the best kept secrets are the secluded garden squares, hidden from prying eyes. No one who spends just part of the year in town wants the burden of a garden. Buy a house in, say, Green Street in Mayfair (about £2m), says Simon Barnes of Lassmanns, and with it comes access to a communal garden with fountain, flower beds and privacy. And if you want to party, *sur l'herbe*, there are no worries about weeds. The Grosvenor Estate sees to all that.

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Here is a rare chance to live in a castle in London. A four-bedroom detached wing of Vanbrugh Castle in Greenwich has just come on to the market. The 18th-century, Grade I-listed building was designed by Sir John Vanbrugh, architect of Castle Howard and Blenheim Palace. The accommodation is arranged over two floors and there are magnificent views over Greenwich Park and London from the 51ft reception room. Asking price is £450,000 for a one-year lease. Agents are Winkworth (0181-852 0994).

For what it's worth

The marriage ceremony is not the only service to have a language overhaul this week. Black Horse Surveying Services yesterday gave a lead to the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors by launching a no-jargon home survey that meets the approval of the Plain English Campaign. Instead of wording such as "Difficulties in access restricted visual inspection of the second root-space and it cannot be regarded, therefore, as free from defect", you would get: "I could not see the second root-space". The survey also offers customers a pledge of a direct approach to complaints, avoiding the costly legal route. Peter Bruning, national director of Black Horse Surveying Services, said the trigger had been a *Whick?* report of 15 months ago. This had looked at the court's failure to help consumers of surveys get justice and criticised the use of caveats and difficult language in reports. The new survey also offers free emergency insurance cover for a year and and homebuyers can save around £100 if they choose Black Horse to do a survey at the time their bank or building society does a valuation.

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Poetic licence: Edinburgh beyond the Festival

By Brian Patten

It's your first day at the Edinburgh Festival. You've been smart enough to organise your accommodation well in advance and you're feeling snug about being within walking distance of Edinburgh Castle instead of being stuck at the far end of the A68. Armed with various Festival guides and the hundreds of leaflets thrust at you by pack-acting young thespians within moments of your arrival, you are sitting in your rented flat ticking off possible shows. So far you've seen Louise Rennison's *Sex Tips for Girls*, a Bolivian String Quartet, and the latest revelations from a brilliant up-and-coming gay socialist transvestite called Chloë Poems.

You arrived in the city last night, dumped your luggage and headed out with the intention of catching a late show. You fancied a drink first so dropped into Bennet's bar by the King's Theatre, where you fell into conversation with an American academic and a Glaswegian escapist.

The escapist reminded you about Rose Street, which you recalled from a visit to the Festival years ago. You remembered the warm, traditional bars and good conversation with local artists and writers, and so the three of you decamped.

It was a bit depressing to find Rose Street well smartened up and with bouncers guarding the pub doors, so you suggested a visit to a bar called Sandy

on the first full day at the arts festival to end all arts festivals. An early-morning show? OK, but look, it's sunny and the light is extra sharp and the air smells of burning hops from the brewery. You've known the festival in years when everything has been dreary and drenched in constant rain so you might as well make the best of it. You wander down to Princes Street Gardens - where Princes Street hits Lothian Road.

At this end of the gardens there is a gigantic fountain, a folly or masterpiece depending on your taste, and you sit at a table beside it, with coffee and sandwiches from the mobile café and do your best to avoid the wasps that are already droneing around the tables and weaving in and out of the numerous wine waste-baskets.

It's so lovely here. The fountain sounds as a fountain should, the thin sunlight is on your face, and in the near distance a band is tuning up for an outside concert.

Noon now. Too late for a morning

Bells because it was

here you first met the

great Scottish poet and

folk historian, Hamish

Henderson, when you

were 16. You stood

looking at him, in awe

of his teeth. But last

night wasn't your lucky

night, for when you

arrived at Sandy Bells

it was closing. You were

tired, anyway, so

headed back for an

early night, still cul-

tureless.

So, it's now the first full day at the arts festival to end all arts festivals. An early-morning show? OK, but look, it's sunny and the light is extra sharp and the air smells of burning hops from the brewery. You've known the festival in years when everything has been dreary and drenched in constant rain so you might as well make the best of it. You wander down to Princes Street Gardens - where Princes Street hits Lothian Road.

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gigantic fountain, a folly or masterpiece depending on your taste, and you sit at a table beside it, with coffee and sandwiches from the mobile café and do your best to avoid the wasps that are already droneing around the tables and weaving in and out of the numerous wine waste-baskets.

It's so lovely here. The fountain sounds as a fountain should, the thin sunlight is on your face, and in the near distance a band is tuning up for an outside concert.

Noon now. Too late for a morning

show. An afternoon show? But you've left all your guides and brochures at home, and really it's far too nice to sit in a cramped little theatre watching a play or tomorrow's hungry contenders for the crowns of French and Saunders. Instead, you amble down to Stockbridge and rummage among the new antique shop till it's time for a light lunch at one of the numerous coffee houses.

By now early afternoon is giving way to late afternoon and you've still to have your first sniff of culture. You decide to walk up to the Assembly Rooms in George Street to see what's on - with 900 performances of numerous shows over three weeks, something's bound to take your fancy. As you set out for your first cultural experience of the 50th Edinburgh Festival you suddenly get an inexplicable urge to shash riverside walks instead, and a few minutes later you are beside the Water of Leith. You walk beneath trees beside a river - a secret valley

both moments and light-years away from the hum of festival traffic.

Flowers have escaped from the cultivated gardens of the grand, leaf-hidden houses above you have rooted here, their colours a bit paler in the gloom, and the last of the summer's dragonflies helicopter about above stepping stones. You find a bench and sit down for a while, and read the last few chapters of the book you started on the long train ride coming up to Scotland.

By now you've missed all the afternoon shows and so you return to your accommodation for a rest and a shower. You doze off and dusk is falling by the time you are back out among the scrum of festival goers. The very last sunbeams are glittering on the tall buildings and spires, but that's fine, for when it sets they'll still retain their beauty. Illuminated by discreet spotlights they'll float in a faint haze and you'll gawp at them in wonder, and wonder why you don't

live here year round.

You've wandered through the old part of town and crossed Waverley Bridge into Princes Street again. In the open space around the back of the National Gallery there are jugglers and street musicians and the Glaswegian escapist. There are also pavement artists and students advertising their shows with an urgency that makes you realise the venue they've booked to perform in is four miles and two bus changes from the city centre. You buy an ice-cream and, browsing among the faces of the multitude, spot the American academic from the bar last night. You were both a bit disappointed that Sandy Bells was closed so decide on a quick visit now.

An ex-pupil of Hamish Henderson is singing a traditional Highland lyric - it's so beautiful you and your American academic forget about theatre. This is the crack. It's theatre enough.

Maybe tomorrow you'll take in a show. Maybe after a visit to the nearby

Photographs: Gernant Lewis

seaside or to the Museum of Childhood, or to the wonderful National Gallery of Modern Art. Or maybe you'll just wander in the ancient court yards where the ghosts of Scotland's great romantic poets and novelists peer down from narrow, turreted windows. You might even visit the Castle if you've time, or take another slow stroll down the Royal Mile. For by now you are at ease. By now it's dawned on you that you've bought your first ticket of the Festival. It was the ticket you purchased to travel here, the ticket that got you to the greatest show the Festival can offer, to Edinburgh itself.

Brian Patten joins Willie Russell, Adrian Henri, Roger McGough and Andy Roberts in *Words on the Run*, a mix of poems, songs and scripts, at the Assembly Rooms, 54 George Street (0131 226 2428) 21-25 August

Peaceful options in Edinburgh: Princes Street Gardens (above) and the Water of Leith (left)

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The real price of being a fanatic

THE POP FAN

- 1 Concert ticket from £16 - there is no substitute for seeing idols in the flesh.
- 2 T-shirts £15 - essential 'proof' that the devoted fan has been there.
- 3 Programmes and souvenirs can add a further £20 to the cost of a concert. Full merchandise can cost £1700.
- 4 Pop magazines 90p-£2 for free posters, and to keep up with the latest music news.
- 5 CDs and videos £29.99 to £12.99; every song must be covered and no lucrative "collectors" issue ignored.

THE FOOTBALL SUPPORTER

- 1 Ticket - the lower leagues may be cheap, but you'll pay up to £40 for a Premiership league game.
- 2 Football shirt - all three club designs could cost you £120. Some clubs currently offer six.
- 3 Subscription to satellite television £26 a month - for the matches you can't get to.
- 4 Travel - a European match may cost you your family holiday
- 5 Food, drink and fares at away matches can cost £1,800 a season.

THE OPERA BUFF

- 1 A seat in the stalls at the Royal Opera House could cost £20.
- 2 Take your picnic to Glyndebourne - £30,000 will buy you "founder membership".
- 3 CDs of opera may cost £40 each, but essential for listening at home.
- 4 You may need £500 cash to secure that tout ticket for Pavarotti.
- 5 Formal wear - darling, when you've got that much money, who cares?



Photographs: Getty Images

... or to the Museum of Childhood, to the wonderful National Gallery of Modern Art. Or maybe wander in the ancient country where the ghosts of Scotland's greatest poets and novelists down from narrow, timbered windows might even visit the castle now. Or take another view across the Royal Mile. You know what? By now it's dawn, so when you've already bought your ticket to the Festival, it's the perfect purchase to travel back to the past. And if you're still not satisfied, the Festival can offer you a

... *Photo: Peter John Williams*
... *Editor: Helen Cooper*
... *Design: Roberta M. Hirsch*
... *Editor of poems: Simon Armitage*
... *Editor of Assembly Rooms: David Hockney*
... *Editor of Festival: Pauline*

It may come as a shock on the terraces. But it can cost more to follow your favourite football team than to be an opera buff

JO MOYES

What price devotion? As the football season begins, some fans are about to discover that an draughty seat in the stands costs them more than a box at the Opera.

Then there is the football strip, made legendary by David Mellor and a fashion item no footie fan can do without - a fact unnoticed by the clubs.

Full kits, including shorts, tops and socks cost up to £69. Some clubs produce up to three a year. Mr Blatt says he and his household would be "decked from top to bottom in red and white" if his wife allowed it. But he admits that passion has an

means that tickets have changed hands for up to £500.

But for the true opera buffs, the high G of the opera year is the Glyndebourne Festival. This year, tickets cost just £10 upwards.

For a donation of between £30,000-£150,000, they could become founder members, which guarantee tickets, although they have to be paid for on top, along with an annual subscription of £960-£4,800.

At this depth of pocket, aficionados are unlikely to worry about the subsidiary costs of a couple of glasses of champagne, dinner for two and the accompanying CDs, which can now be

had for £960-£4,800.

"Then you would have to pay for a programme - £6, a T-shirt, £15, and your commemorative poster, key ring and mug - total £14," Ms Thornton said. Add to your video of Boyzone hit singles a video of the concert, "so that you can relive your moment in the audience", and you are a further £25 down. This is before you have even bought the music. (The average *Smash Hits* reader, says Ms Thornton, buys four CD singles and two albums a month).

The "mushrooming" of the merchandising industry is not lost on *Smash Hits*, which now produces its own line. "We feature Boyzone in every issue. We know that people will buy it, just for a poster," said Ms Thornton, who says there are "tens and thousands" of such fans: a recent offer of the underpants of Take That heartthrob Mark Owen's, "worn and unwashed", received 300,000 applications.

"With merchandise now it's not what they can afford, it's what they can't afford not to have," she said.

David Blatt agreed. He would sacrifice the cost of the family holiday if it meant going to a dream match.

"The most important words in the world are 'I was there'. Nothing can compensate for that. That's worth however much you have to pay."

The game may get so expensive that it stops being for ordinary people'

increasingly high price. "If you've got kids, for example, it just becomes too expensive. There may be a point where football stops being an ordinary man's game."

Perhaps Mr Blatt ought to redirect his tanners towards a tenor. A three-season ticket for all productions at the English National Opera would cost him a mere £75 to £600 a year.

Productions at the Royal Opera House would cost him a little more. While tickets in the Gods (the opera equivalent of the football terraces) cost an average £45, tickets in the stalls average out at £114-120 each.

A fan with a passion for Pavarotti might pay more; demand for his performances

bought at Royal Opera House. It has a sales kiosk in its foyer, having recognised the enthusiasts' appetite for associated merchandise.

And when it comes to the pop fan, this appetite knows no bounds.

Kate Thornton, editor of the magazine *Smash Hits*, recently did a costing on all the official merchandise available for Take That in one year, including the cost of going to two concerts.

"It came to £1,700. That includes bedcovers, lamps, shades and swiss rolls. If they are fanatical, if the average girl fan, they will get as much of it as they possibly can."

"The most important words in the world are 'I was there'. Nothing can compensate for that. That's worth however much you have to pay."

Postmen's leaders prepare to call four-day strike

Postal workers' leaders yesterday threatened to stage a four-day strike unless fresh talks are held on the long-running dispute over pay and working practices.

Industrial action will be escalated to hit mail deliveries from 30 August for four days if talks are not re-opened by next Thursday, the date of the next postal strike.

The executive of the Communication Workers' Union said support for the campaign of industrial action was solid and officials disputed the Royal Mail's claims of a drift back to work.

Alan Johnson, the union's joint general secretary, said he hoped the threatened four-day strike would not be necessary and pledged that efforts would be made to resume negotiations.

But the Royal Mail said it was "outrageous" to threaten further strikes while continuing to refuse to ballot members on an offer worked out during the protracted negotiations that were held at Acas.

Richard Dykes, its managing director, said: "We are appalled at the union's complete disregard for customers and for the views of its own members. Further strike action is not going to resolve this dispute. It will only make the situation worse."

The union executive are burying their heads in the sand. Threatening further strikes will put the jobs of their members at risk as well as causing further disruption for customers."

The union was "ignoring reality" in claiming that support for strikes was solid, Mr Dykes said.

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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY



Making the grade: Students celebrating success in the A-level examinations, but, according to one careers adviser, success at this stage is no guarantee of anything

The day Britain got that A-grade feeling

JAMES CUSICK

Students anticipating further academic success, fame, fortune and happiness after scoring five top grades in their A-levels should beware of counting their chickens, according to Oxford University's careers adviser. High achievement at this stage is no guarantee of anything.

But there is worse news for those A-level students who did not do so well. Brunel University's careers office maintains that even if poor A-level performances are overcome and an undergraduate goes on to gain a first-class honours degree, today's blue-chip companies looking for recruits are still interested in A-level results.

A spokesman said: "CAHP is the buzzphrase at the moment - consistent academic high performance. They want to know if you've always been bright.

"One of the really sad things these days is that what you do at A-level now comes back to haunt you. It is one of the big problems facing students - that their early performances seem to matter rather a lot."

Tom Snow, of Oxford University, cautioned: "There is a good correlation between A-level results and later academic performance. But the correlation is not so good between their academic performance and what they go on to do next."

In what Mr Snow quaintly called the "after-life", certified success was not enough. He advised: "You should never think you are going to walk straight into a great job. You've still got hard choices to make, and a lot of work to do."

Mr Snow's warning of no guarantees proved too accurate for one pupil who gained six top grade A-levels. The head teacher of King Edward's school in Bath has written to Cambridge University to complain after it rejected one student. Andrew Archer's results prove he is intelligent, but apparently not an open passport.

If the choice is hard at age 16, is it harder at age nine? Ms Lawrence achieved a top grade in A-level mathematics at 11 when most normal pupils are struggling with long division sums. Mr Snow's correlate held. She went on to collect first-class honours at Oxford aged 13. Another degree, her doctorate, was won before her 16th birthday.

After teaching in Harrow and the University of Michigan, Ms Lawrence went on to search "knob theory" at the Institut des Hautes Etudes Scientifiques at Bures-sur-Yvette, near Paris.

Harry, her father - of branded a figure of either son or parent's devotion is still accompanying his precocious daughter everywhere.

After her A-level result came flying fame and fortune. But happiness? It probably too early to tell.

Ruth's sister, Rebecca, is equally precocious. Coached by her mother, she too had early top-grade maths certificates at 11. But hot-housing and the world of the fast-track academic were not her choice.

She now works as a pharmacist at Charing Cross Hospital in London.

The poet TS Eliot took a wider and more pragmatic view. Success, he said, was relative: it depended "on what we can make of the mess we have made of things".

unsta

The one-day-a week job that costs the taxpayer £92,305 a year and achieves precisely nothing

ANTHONY BEVINS
Political Editor

The government-appointed Commissioner for Protection against Unlawful Industrial Action, who cost the taxpayer £92,305 last year, was unable to help any of the three people who asked for her assistance.

According to official accounts presented to Parliament last week, the commissioner, Gill Rowlands, was paid an annual salary of £13,992 before she stepped down from her one-day-a-week post last May.

But she received a further £28,015 for her other part-time job - which she conducted from the same Warrington offices - as Commissioner for the Rights of Trade Union Members, for two days a week.

Perhaps in recognition of the productivity of the double-headed commissioner, Ms Rowlands' replacement in both posts

- the former chief executive of West Glamorgan council, Gerry Corless - has been put on a total salary of £35,000, a cut from her pay rate of more than 16 per cent.

In her role as Commissioner for the Rights of Trade Union Members, which cost the taxpayer a total £336,646, Ms Rowlands was able to offer concrete assistance to just eight applicants in the year to last April.

For an overall cost of more than £400,000 for the two commissions, each successfully completed case therefore cost the Exchequer about £50,000.

But because Ms Rowlands was doing what Parliament had asked her to do under the terms of the Employment Act 1988, and the Trade Union Reform and Employment Rights Act 1993, the Comptroller and Auditor-General, Sir John Bourn, could hardly complain about the potential financial and per-

sonal cost of a one-day strike at national level by comparison with the annual budget of my office."

As for her other role, as Commissioner for the Right of Trade Union Members, Ms Rowlands prefers to concentrate on the number of enquiries that her office has dealt with over the year - more than a thousand - rather than the actual cases involving material assistance in court proceedings.

However, she then added: "If this is the case, it is my view that the current industrial relations legislation and my role within that legislation are proving to be effective deterrents."

According to her report, "Three formal applications for assistance have been received during the reporting year." None of the applications fell within the scope of her powers.

Perhaps anticipating criticism, Ms Rowlands also said: "The real value of my office is apparent when one considers the potential financial and per-

sonal cost of a one-day strike at national level by comparison with the annual budget of my office."

As for her other role, as Commissioner for the Right of Trade Union Members, Ms Rowlands prefers to concentrate on the number of enquiries that her office has dealt with over the year - more than a thousand - rather than the actual cases involving material assistance in court proceedings.

Many people have also contacted my office assuming that I can investigate complaints on their behalf and referring to me as the union ombudsman. I have made the nature of my role clear to them: that I have neither the power to investigate nor to provide advice."

Close reading of the account of the commissioner's "caseload activity", shows only eight cases successfully resolved with her help.

Following the grant of assistance, the commissioner withdrew support from four applicants; eight applicants failed to progress their applications after initial contact with the office; twenty-two applications were found to be outside the scope of the commissioner's powers ... The remaining forty-eight (although within the scope of the commissioner's power to grant assistance) were not assisted."



Gill Rowlands: 'Many people have contacted my office ... have neither the power to investigate nor to provide advice'

French francs come freely, just for one day

MICHAEL STREETER

The prospect of an end to commission for holiday currency moved a step closer today with Thomas Cook changing sterling into French francs for no charge.

The offer for holidaymakers is for today only but the company is considering longer commission "amnesties" on the most popular foreign currencies next year.

A spokesman for Thomas Cook, which controls about a quarter of the multi-million-pound high-street business and has 600 shops and bureaux de change, said a pilot scheme with Spanish pesetas earlier this year had been "extremely successful".

Nick Agarwal, the company's public relations manager, said: "We found that the trial with

pesetas generated a lot of interest and from our point of view this kind of offer can bring in other business."

He said the company was actively considering bringing in the scheme on a more permanent basis for travellers next year.

Though the free service would probably be restricted to the larger-volume currencies such as francs and pesetas, the company's normal commission is 1 per cent.

The pesetas offer is a boost for tourists at the end of a week when it emerged that at least one major holiday tour operator, Airtours, is to increase the price of some of its brochure holidays by up to £30 a time.

That move was condemned by consumer groups yesterday, who said they were considering whether to make a legal challenge.

A Consumers' Association spokeswoman said that it was an offence for companies to give "inaccurate or misleading" prices in brochures.

Lindsey Allardyce, Thomas

Cook's foreign exchange marketing manager, said: "If you are off to France this summer, make sure you get your currency now. Anyone crossing the Channel this summer would be mad to miss out on a currency deal as crazy as this."

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Labour Party, who said that while colleagues had displayed unity, but that does not mean they like it, and the row over Harry Harman's choice of grammar school for her son showed that there are limits to their patience.

Pouring oil on the troubled waters created by Mr Prescott's leadership spokesman said: "Tony Blair himself has frequently spoken of the inevitable impact of modernisation on some in the party."

"The important point is that Labour is stronger, fitter, more democratic and more united and self-disciplined as a result of the changes which, on every occasion a vote has been taken, have been overwhelmingly endorsed by the membership."

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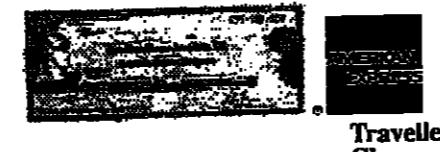
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Prescott delights left and right

ANTHONY BEVINS
Political Editor

Labour's high command yesterday backed away from open conflict with John Prescott following yesterday's *Independent* interview on the substance and style of New Labour change.

But the waves created by the deputy leader's forthright language - confirming that lots of MPs voted for shadow cabinet candidates "they couldn't stomach" - were welcomed by many traditional MPs who were content with Mr Prescott's "boat-rocking" protest.

A significant proportion of MPs, perhaps even a silent majority, share the deputy leader's view that Mr Blair has pushed party and policy change to the limits of endurance.

They are willing to suffer in

silence in the interests of unity, but that does not mean they like it, and the row over Harry Harman's choice of grammar school for her son showed that there are limits to their patience.

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silence in the interests of unity, but that does not mean they like it, and the row over Harry Harman's choice of grammar school for her son showed that there are limits to their patience.

Pouring oil on the troubled waters created by Mr Prescott's leadership spokesman said: "Tony Blair himself has frequently spoken of the inevitable impact of modernisation on some in the party."

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Hunstanton's biggest ever birthday party

Norfolk's most genteel resort is 150 years old this summer — and in the best of health. By Bob Carter

The man outside Woolworths was whistling "Suicide is Painless". Just round the corner a man with a microphone addressed a dozen, mostly elderly, people in the garden of the church. "I used to gamble. Every time I came on holiday I had to go in the arcade and spend a pound". It's easily done in Hunstanton. A pound would give you 50s at the tuppenny fairs or buy a cheap tray in the shop proclaiming "Don't Ask — It's a £".

On cloudy, close August Sunday, Hunstanton is preparing for its biggest-ever party. There's a jazz band on the new bandstand on the green and a feel-good smattering of "no vacancies" signs in guesthouse windows. The resort of Hunstanton is 150 years old this summer and in the rudest of health — in a genteel sort of way.

A century-and-a-half ago there was none of this high excitement on top of the cliffs lining the top left-hand corner of Norfolk — just a small village where smugglers and customs officers occasionally fired sea-rusty muskets at one another, consigning the casualties to a corner of Saint Mary's churchyard, where they lie to this day.

Across the other side of the churchyard, in their family plot, lie the le Stranges, the family largely responsible for the Hunstanton of today and whose memory will be conjured up again this weekend when the birthday party gets into full swing.

In 1846, Henry Styleman le Strange, designer of the nave of Ely cathedral — and lord of the manor of this part of Norfolk — saw the business opportunities offered by the trend for days out and holidays at the seaside and built, a respectable distance away from the family seat, the New Inn, now the Golden Lion Hotel.

Even today Hunstanton tries to portray itself as a cut above the other resorts. And yes, it does seem different — strange, as in le Strange. Where other resorts have donkeys, Hunstanton offers pony rides. No motorboats here for trips round the bay; instead you take a ride along the sands in a wartime landing craft which then careers into the waves for a truly amphibious experience.

They'll tell you in the tourist information office that it's a quieter, more family-oriented place than the noisy commercialism of Cromer or even, God forbid, the flashy modernism of Great Yarmouth.

But it does not do to compare these places. Hunstanton — the Hunstanton of holidaymakers and not the old Hunstanton that lies quaintly rustic a mile or so up the coast — still has that essentially temporary feel, not helped by plenty of "to let" and "for sale" and even "keep off derelict building" signs which bear witness to the hard times that England's East Coast seaside resorts have faced.

The past and the present are essentially separate and though the old church up the road was begun in the 14th century, the idea of continuity seems to hang on two or three generations of the same family, using the same caravan year after year.

Tomorrow these Hunstanton regulars can join in the party, watch the raft race or the aerobatics, hear the big band, eat the cake and "oooh" and "aah" at the fireworks reflected in the calm waters of The Wash.



But it is hard to imagine the holidaymakers snapping up a Hunstanton souvenir sketchbook. The birthday porcelain, meanwhile, seems more designed for the hardy band who live here all year round, as an affirmation of self, an attempt to convince them of the town's permanence and importance. After all the tourists, they are still here.

They looked the other way when H G Wells and Rebecca West set up home here in 1914.

They struggled on when the Mikado Concert Hall burnt down in 1922, and shrugged off the pier fire in 1939. They soldiered on when the US Air Force at nearby Sculthorpe declared the Cold War at a close and returned to America, taking away a lifeline almost as important as the railway which closed in 1969. And even the disappearance of the pier, in a storm in 1978, failed to finish them off.

So they have earned their celebration and they may just be able to do it again at some date in the future for, despite its reliance on the beach bucket-and-spade-holiday, Hunstanton is branching out. It is as if there's a ripple effect gently washing over the town from the villages further east: Titchwell, Weybourne, the Burnhams and Brancaster, villages that at the weekend echo to stockbroker accents and 4x4 engines.

For walkers, birdwatchers, cyclists and horsemen and women who can't afford the cottage on the marsh, miles from anywhere, Hunstanton offers a much cheaper alternative.

You might knock it, you might jet half way round the world to escape it, but there's nothing that compares to a day on the beach, a cheese sandwich (with real sand) and dinner from the chip shop. And so long as Hunstanton remembers this, the town should have many happy returns of the day.



A generation enjoys the old-fashioned charms of Hunstanton beach

Photographs: Keith Dobney

Photographs: Geraint Lewis

to the Museum of Childhood, the wonderful National

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in the ancient cour-

to the ghosts of Scotland's

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A healthy shade of green

Rose, Henry and Martin Village visit the Centre for Alternative Technology in Wales

The venue

There are begonias, nasturtiums and lobelia growing between the tracks of the water-balanced railway that takes you up to this hi-tech Shangri-La hanging steeply on a Welsh hillside.

So forget any preconceptions you may have about home-spun "alternatives". The Centre for Alternative Technology (CAT), now 21 years old, has come of age and is a sophisticated shade of green. It aims to show how today's good life can be comfortable and attractive as well as eco-friendly.

If anything, it is all too comfortable for the likes of some Greens, who have criticised it for not making a political challenge to mass consumerism. "Yet we are aiming to be the first step into the environmental movement for the general public who are not already committed Greenies," says Paul Allen, of the 30-strong CAT co-operative.

That this leading visitor centre entertains and educates around 1,000 people a day without drawing on the national grid or adding to our rubbish and sewage disposal problems, is testimony enough to a dream made real.

The visitors

Martin Village, an art dealer and publisher, took his son Henry, 11, and daughter Rose, seven, to the Centre for Alternative Technology in Machynlleth, Wales.

Rose: "I thought the compost toilet was funny. It didn't flush with water, so after you'd been to the toilet you had to put a shovel of sawdust into it."

The Mole Hole was all dark, and it got darker and darker until it led into a whole room, and I thought it was horrible at the entrance. But the good thing was all the animals you could see inside the glass displays, which light up when you press a button.

I liked one windmill where you could stand on the base, and it went round and round with the wind and you went round, too.

I thought the pigs were disgusting, but I liked the goat. I stroked his nose and touched his horns. I fed lettuce to the chickens.

I went in a maze with questions about how you travel to the shops and when you go on buses and stuff like that. I touched the compost made of poo, and it didn't look like poo.

I saw a play all about a bear and a man who was cutting down trees. The woodcutter said he was doing it for us because we need wood to make things like pencils and paper – but the bear got angry. And afterwards we got a little sunflower seed and I am going to plant it in our garden when I get home."

Henry: "This place made me consider things I don't normally think about, like the way we pollute the world and what solar and wind energy could do to help us all in the future. If people could make cars run by solar-powered batteries, there would be less bad air and my asthma might be better."

The train ride at the start takes you up to another level, and it feels really good and gets you going for what you are about to experience.

The pump where you get water was good; we would have to fill up 30 buckets each in one day to get all the water we use. It made me think that people in Africa must have a hard time getting water.

I hadn't heard of all the different herbs in the garden: I tasted ginger mint, marjoram, Greek basil. Some of them – like the bronze fennel – tasted a bit off.

I thought that what the compost does is good, but it's not a very nice smell or sight. The adventure playground is good because it's got different areas for people under five and over five.



Photograph: Steve Peake

Rose Village examines the compost at the Centre for Alternative Technology

Overall, I found it was much more interesting than a normal museum, because you are having fun and learning at the same time. But you can't see it all in one go; you have to go at least twice.

Martin: "As an urban dweller I'm aware that I behave to my environment like a spoilt kid, using things and throwing them away, and I'd like to change that. This place makes me think in a more mature way."

I feel inspired here; it fills me with fantasies of the possible, like constructing the self-build house. This place has been created out of a seriously unfriendly environment and it is now something of great beauty. That imparts a therapeutic atmosphere. I take away with me a feeling of optimism and some sense of the Green gadgetry – like photovoltaic cells – now available.

The ideas of the Sixties and Seventies, then considered to be way out, are real here and now. And this place presents them with panache. They have demonstrated what can be done on the micro level, but to tackle the macro you have to talk in terms of politics. I would strongly urge our Ministers for Transport, Energy and the Environment to come here and stay – for a week at least."

The deal

The Centre for Alternative Technology is on the A487 north of Machynlleth, Powys, in Wales, and is open every day. Telephone: 01654 702400. Worldwide web site: <http://www.cat.co.uk>. CAT

Costs are "reasonable", Martin believes, at £13.50 for a family ticket, or £5.50 per adult and £2.50 per child

(under-fives get in free); the centre offers up to 10 per cent off the entry price if you arrive by rail.

Food in the vegetarian restaurant ranges from £2 for a jacket potato and cheese, to around £3.50 for vegetable curry, ratatouille and rice or vegetable bake.

Access for the disabled includes parking near the restaurant. Some areas are hard going for babies' buggies. The telephone box has a wind/solar-powered light. Residential courses on topics such as self-build homes and organic gardening take place all the year round.

Toilets are clean and plentiful, some (including men's) with baby-changing facilities. Sewage is treated on site, mostly via red beds, nutrients are reclaimed as compost. The waterless urinals use plant extracts to stay smell-free.

Brigid McConville

When you're feeling a little 11-o'clockish

Tony Kelly picnics near the house at Pooh Corner in the Ashdown Forest

It's nearly 11 o'clock," said Maire. "Time for a little smackerel of something." So Maire and Tony and Jacqueline and Lee and Fiona and James and Jane, who were all feeling a little 11-o'clockish, found a Thoughtful Spot in the forest where they sat eating honey sandwiches and looking for sticks for the game that Maire was going to teach them.

This was the Ashdown Forest in east Sussex, otherwise known as Pooh Country; and I had joined a group of Winnie-the-Pooh fans on a day's "explore" of the places where Christopher Robin and his friends used to play.

James Linehan (almost five) had brought his mother along to share the fun the rest of us, to my surprise, were grown-ups. Lee Turtle and Jacqueline Abbot were New Zealanders working in London and hoping to relive childhood memories; Fiona Spanner was a Methodist minister whose interest in Pooh stems from a Winnie-the-Pooh society at college.

"You'd be amazed how widespread the interest is," said our guide, Maire McQueney, an energetic Irish-American who left the Bronx for Britain 24 years ago and now leads tours combining her two great loves, literature and walking. "People from Singapore will come all the way to England just for a Winnie-the-Pooh event."

We began in Hartfield, a Domesday village half way between East Grinstead and Tunbridge Wells. With the sun shining on its timber-framed houses, it looked the perfect postcard image of rural England. "For many Pooh fans around the world, Hartfield is England," said Maire. "It's the only place they ever see apart from London."

A. Milne had a house here, at Cottchford Farm; at weekends he went walking in the woods with his son Christopher Robin. Milne had already made his name in journalism and the theatre when he turned to writing children's stories in the Twenties, while his son was still a boy. From then on, Milne was known only for one thing; while Christopher Robin, who died in April this year, spent the rest of his life trying to live down his name. As for Winnie-the-Pooh, he was a Harrods teddy given to Christopher Robin on his first birthday and named



Playing poohsticks in the Ashdown Forest

Winnie after a Canadian bear from Winnipeg in London Zoo.

The books are set in a real landscape – and Milne wove local history and wildlife

are real enough, and even Piglet was a descendant of the wild boars which Henry VIII used to hunt here. As for Eeyore, well, Christopher Robin did have a real grey donkey called Jessica, which he used to ride into Hartfield to buy sweets.

After our "little something" we headed off to search for Rabbit's Hole, where Pooh became stuck for an entire week after eating too much. James found a sandy bank with a hole in it; the rest of us tried hard to convince ourselves that this was the real thing.

Near here is Pooh Bridge, the setting for Pooh's invention of the game Poohsticks. The wooden bridge has been carefully restored but still looks just as it did in EH Shepard's pictures of 1928. For most day-trippers, this is the limit of their Pooh experience. On the day I was there, Japanese tourists and parties of excited schoolchildren threw sticks into the water and eagerly snapped each other's pictures as we waited patiently for our turn to play.

After lunch it was time for another "expedition". First we came to the North Pole, where baby Roo learnt to swim and was rescued by Pooh with the "north pole" he had discovered. Then we climbed to Pooh Corner, where Eeyore lived in a house of sticks built by Piglet and Pooh.

Finally we reached Gills Lap (Galleon's Lap in the book) and a memorial stone to Milne and Shepard, "who captured the magic of Ashdown Forest and gave it to the world". Above here, at the very top of the forest, is the enchanted place where Christopher Robin said good-bye to Pooh at the end of *The House at Pooh Corner*.

Maire McQueney's guided walks take place every Saturday in August. The morning walk leaves Hartfield war memorial at 10.05am and the afternoon walk leaves Piglet's car park on 8.20pm. Each walk costs £4.50 for adults, £1 for children. Details from Twentieth Century Walks (01273 607910). It is easy to get to Pooh Bridge independently, using a map bought from the Pooh Corner Shop on Hartfield High Street.

Photograph: Andrew Hasson

into his stories. Tigers and kangaroos in the forest may be a product of his imagination (like Pooh, they were based on Christopher Robin's own soft toys) but rabbits and owls

A weekly round-up of summer outings for children

'ARE WE NEARLY THERE?'

On the trail of well-loved characters

Any fan of Wallace & Gromit will know that Wensleydale Cheese is Wallace's favourite. The Cheese Experience at the Wensleydale Creamery (01696 667661) in Hawes, North Yorkshire, is open from 10.30am to 3pm daily (gift shop open until 5pm). After a video show you can wander through the museum, see the cheese being made and fill up in the tasting room. The tour costs £3 for adults and £1.50 for children. Parking is free.

Through the looking-glass If you're on the trail of Alice in Wonderland, visit Oxford where the author spent his days in academia as Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. You may find Alice's Shop on St Aldates on the two sides, but across the road is Christ Church College (01865 276150), where Dodgson studied. If you can make your way past the ranks of bulldogs (men in bowler hats, rather than canines), you will find it open to the public from 9am to 6pm Monday to Saturday and from 11.30am to 6pm on Sundays. Entry costs £3 for adults, £2 for children and £6 for a family ticket. From here, wander down to the river, past a field of rare cattle, and stroll back via the Botanical Gardens.

A journey with Paddington In the paw prints of Paddington Bear is the London Toy and Model Museum (0171-402 5222) at Craven Hill near Paddington Station. There are five floors to explore, each of which is packed with exhibits and working models; children can also fill in worksheets and visit an activity room. Opening times are 10am to 5.30pm (last admission 4.30pm) Monday to Saturday, and from 11am to 5.30pm on Sundays and bank holidays. Adults £4.95, children £2.95 (under-fours free) and families £13.50.

Rhiannon Batten

The drive towards popular share ownership appears to have ended and Sid may revert to the deposit account. If that happens we will have learnt nothing from the past 15 years.

The last of the family silver has gone and the remaining pieces of the cutlery cannot have finally been sold. In fact, the last bit went only last month in the form of a lukewarm British Energy sell-off. The privatisation drive towards popular share ownership appears to have ended at last.

So was that it? Should we all now resign ourselves to the excitement of the building society deposit account and an occasional foray into a grey cash box locked for five years, known as a Tessa?

In my view the answer is no, but there is no denying that the atmosphere has changed. Gone is the drive to popular individual and direct share ownership. In its place I sense a more pragmatic view in the nervous Nineties.

Instead of "Sid" being hectored on the joys of share ownership, he now faces a new problem: if someone has taken over your privatisation company, what do you do with the money? Buy another stock? Probably not, it is far too risky.

Instead, Sid is more likely to revert to the deposit account. If that happens then we will have learnt nothing from the last 15 years. Two per cent in a building society with

2.2 per cent inflation means that yet again we are losing money.

Now is the time for the mutual funds to rise up and help the cause of greater investor understanding and wealth creation. Unit and investment trust should step in and help Sid with clear, competitive products, free from technical jargon and supported by sensible information and direction. If not, then all the opportunities of the popular share ownership initiative will have been a wasted experiment.

But is direct share ownership dead? Was the Thatcher privatisation campaign – actually started by Labour in 1977 when the first tranche of BP was sold off – just a jolly bungle for Sid and the stockbrokers? Again, in my view, no. Direct share ownership will still continue to develop, but this time in a different form.

Next year we will be getting used to another ugly City term – de-mutualisation. This negative and uncreative-sounding term will positively effect many millions of us. Some of the largest building societies have handed out their shares to members in 1997.

Over the next few years many will receive shares in floating building societies and



JUSTIN URQUHART-STEWART
INVESTMENTS

insurance companies and, unfortunately, like the Sids before them, many will either just sell the shares swiftly or hide them in the drawer. I hope that this time our industry can take the opportunity to help save their knowledge and understanding of investing for their future.

This is not all. Popular capitalism has other outposts which are still showing signs not just of survival but of growth and development. One area that is growing with greater vigour is that of employee share

ownership. These days there are over 2,400 companies with some form of share ownership scheme.

Unfortunately, it is usually the schemes for large firms that hit the headlines but behind these, the majority of these firms issue stock to the workers of Britain on the scale of a small privatisation each year.

Cynics would say that these are just short-term share perks which are sold off swiftly to pay for the holiday. This patronising view is not true. Many beneficiaries of such schemes carefully husband their shares and shelter them in personal equity plans for a longer-term investment. The recent initiative from Angela Knight, the Treasury Minister, to reduce the minimum time-scales of the corporate save-as-you-earn schemes from three years will add further impetus to this growing area.

This undervalued scheme should be highlighted far more. For once, all employees who have access to such a scheme can be assured of some benefit if only from the tax-free element of the savings scheme.

A further area of frenetic growth is in investment clubs. Here, from a very small level we have seen a mushrooming in the

number of people interested in setting up and joining clubs to learn about investment and, heaven forbid, even enjoying it.

This has to be the best way for investors to learn about the peaks and pitfalls of direct stock market investment in a low-risk and responsible manner. And you don't even have to own an amok. All over the country, private rooms over public bars are filled with earnest discussion over share values and investment opportunities.

So, as privatisations peter out it is not true that popular share ownership is dead, or even dying. But what is more important is that we should now be entering a new era of popular investment.

Why? Because the increasing pressure on us all to take on more responsibilities for ourselves leaves us little choice. As the state retreats we must take every opportunity to learn how to protect ourselves. Popular capitalism may have been fun for some while it lasted, but popular investment will be a necessity while we last.

Justin Urquhart-Stewart is business planning director at Barclays Stockbrokers

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The car insurance price war is fizzling out

Companies say competition has driven premiums too low. Now they are starting to rise, writes Tony Lyons

Good times may be coming to an end for car drivers if the insurance companies have their way. They claim that severe competition has driven premiums too low and cite the recent collapse of Paramount Insurance, a Watford company with some 40,000 policyholders as an example.

Although there were a number of reasons for the collapse of Paramount, including its failure to recoup a large debt from an associated firm, it had a very aggressive business policy that included matching the rate offered by any other company. This price matching led to unrealistically low premiums.

Paramount appears to be the first motor insurance company to go to the wall since Vehicle and General over 25 years ago, when more than 1 million motorists risked being left without cover.

Perhaps one should not be too surprised that after two years of falling motor insurance premiums most companies are now trying to talk up rates.

The average motorist driving a typical family car with a full no-claims discount is today paying between 15 per cent and 25 per cent less than 1993.

Severe competition, including the impact of telephone-based direct insurers nibbling away at broker business, have contributed to the fall in rates.

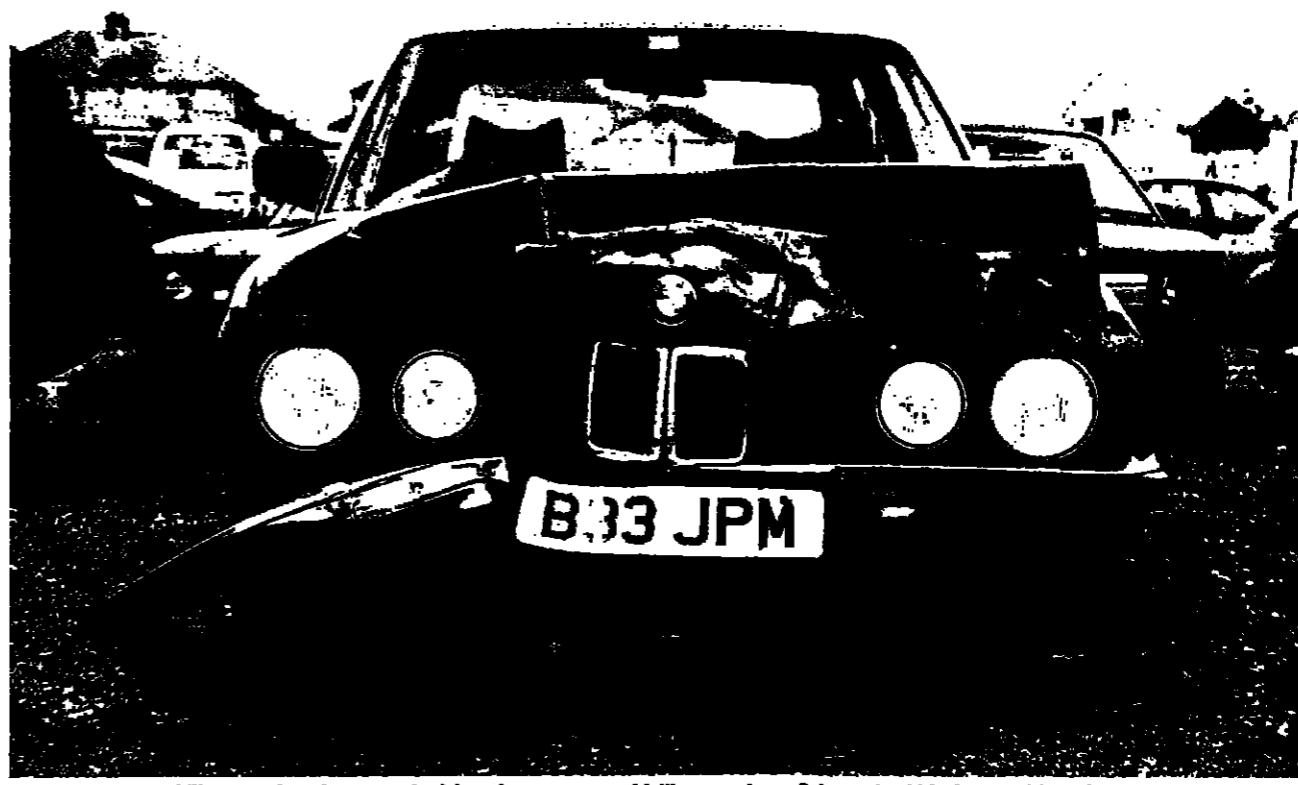
The problem for insurers is that profits are showing signs of tailing off. Results for 1995 were good, but the writing was on the wall. Already this year Direct Line has reported a sharp fall in profits for the first quarter of the year, indicating that the company's headlong growth, which means it now has more than 2 million motorists on its books, is tailing off at last.

Across the board, whether selling direct or through insurance brokers, most companies are publicly claiming that insurance rates for the private motorist will have to go up.

General Accident was the first of the large insurers to make a move, introducing a 4 per cent increase in premiums last April. This month it is increasing premiums by another 4 per cent. "We are not going to sacrifice profit for growth," a spokesman says.

Other insurance companies are levying less painful rises, for the time being at least. Cornhill Insurance – the company that insured the van wrecked by a jet plane crash in west London this week – will be increasing its motor premiums by 1-2 per cent in September. This is likely to be a growing trend.

Despite the wish to push up premiums, a fiercely competitive market place means companies are still adopting a cautious "after you" policy. They know a volatile market place means people are far more prepared to look for a cheaper alternative.



What's the damage? The cost of car insurance is rising after two years of falling premiums. Drivers should look around for price and quality

premiums are being increased. For example, many of the established insurance companies offer discounts of up to 25 per cent of the first month's premium, or a similar cashback for annual premiums, to policyholders who have not made a claim when their policies come up for renewal. Motorists can expect to see further inducements from their insurance companies.

Another point to remember is that insurers are far more prepared to "cherry-pick" good clients. If you are a pillar of the community who garages the family Ford Fiesta every night and only drives on Sundays, there is an insurer waiting to offer you cheap rates. Conversely, Ferrari-driving teenagers may find cover a wee bit more expensive.

Overall, if the motor insurers can get their way, then premiums will rise. As profits from car insurance begin to decline, the choice is to increase premiums, leave the market place or merge to get costs down. The recent merger of Royal and Sun Alliance could be just the first.

Motorists can take comfort from the fact that the premium war so keenly fought by insurers now means that a price-sensitive public will not easily return to the days when every renewal meant another hike in costs.

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SCOTTISH WIDOWS



The big picture

Awakenings

Sun 10pm C4

Robin Williams made his name as a manic stand-up comic. He successfully converted that persona into larger-than-life funstars in such films as *Popeye*, and *Mrs Doubtfire*. All the while, however, he's shown a surprising adeptness at more serious roles in movies like *The World According to Garp* and *Dead Poets' Society*. In Penny Marshall's moving, Oscar-nominated reading of Oliver Sacks' book, he plays a doctor coaxing back to life a sleeping, sickly patient (Robert De Niro) who has been in a coma for 30 years.

Television preview

RECOMMENDED VIEWING THIS WEEKEND

by Gerard Gilbert

Did pheasants used to hop squawking around our woodlands in the 12th century? Weren't these game birds a far later introduction to our shores? I may be wrong, but *Cadfael* (Sun 11.30pm), like any historical drama, inspires this sort of pedantry.

In case you've never caught the show, *Cadfael* is a sleuthing medieval monk, played by Derek Jacobi at his most jolly and benign. The pheasant in question rears up in front of a horse ridden by leering, sheering Ian Reddington (you might remember him as Tricky Dicky in *EastEnders*), soon to be felled by a jewel-encrusted dagger. Is his death somehow connected to the young nobleman who has come to Cadfael's monastery desperate to be taken on as a novice? Central television has gone to considerable lengths to make its period drama authentic – filming it in Hungary because the English countryside is too full of electricity pylons, out-of-town shopping centres and oilseed rape – a pointed lesson to all the Merrie Englanders who will no doubt help make up the audience. Anyway, it's quite diverting, in a surprisingly subdued sort of way.

A technical hitch the other week means that the *Inside Story* (Sun BBC2) about the Dianne quintuplets gets a second, fully-functioning showing – quite rightly, because this is a fascinating and moving film, given a boost of topicality by the recent controversy over the octuplet mother-to-be (or not to be).

The Dianne quintuplets were identical girls born to a dirt-poor French Canadian farmer's wife in 1934, and almost immediately whisked away to a ready-built hospital by their doctor – a chipper-looking man obsessed with germs. There they grew up as a freak show – on one public holiday, 10,000 people queued up to watch them at play in their open-air "pen" (more like an enclosure at the zoo). Three of the five are still living, and give their first on-camera interview to producer/director Jane Treays.

The otherwise admirable *Dancing in the Street* (Sat 9.30pm BBC2) comes to a somewhat curiously-seeking conclusion, yanking us from hip-hop and rap to techno and have music and in the process exposing the series' one weakness – that on occasion, Sean Barrett's narration comes on like a Shell promotional

short circa 1965. Strangely for a series that was a few weeks' ago at pains to illustrate the connection between LSD and psychedelic rock, there is not one mention of the word Ecstasy – surely a much wider socio-musical phenomenon than acid ever was.

Brainspotting (Sun C4) continues with Ken Campbell playing chess with Dodge the dog, shaking hands with COG the robot, and going through several changes of woolly hat in his search for the meaning of consciousness. No such strenuous mental activity from *The World of James Bond – A Tribute to Cubby Broccoli* (Sun ITV). The measure of machismo in Bond film circles seems to be the swimming pool – and contributors seem happiest posing in front of theirs. The recently deceased Broccoli has, or had, a rather swank Italian affair, complete with Doric columns and pencil-thin cedars. Director Guy Hamilton has a rather more modest pool, complete with an underpowered-looking fountain, in what looks like Provence. As always, though, Sean Connery knows not to flaunt it, and is happy to be filmed on the veranda of his home in Nassau.



The big match

Wimbledon v Manchester United

Sat 10.45pm BBC1

He may have missed out on signing Alan Shearer, but Manchester United manager Alex Ferguson (above) made some typically canny purchases during the summer – and all for a total well below the £1.5m Newcastle United paid for the England striker. Ferguson picked up the Czech Republic star Karel Poborsky, one of the finds of Euro 96, as well as Jordi, the son of Johan Cruyff, for £1m from Barcelona. Wimbledon may not be looking forward to opening the FA Carling Premiership season against a Double team strengthened in this way.

Saturday television and radio

BBC1

7.25 News, Weather (2966036).
 7.30 Children's BBC: Oscar's Orchestra. 7.55 Felix the Cat. 8.10 Robinson Crusoe. 8.30 Bucky O'Hare. 8.55 The Raccoons. 9.20 Mighty Max. 9.45 Grange Hill. 10.10 Sweet Valley High. 10.35 The O Zone.
 10.55 **Elton Asterix and the Big Fight** (Phillipe Grimond 1988 F/W Gen). Ron Moody, Brian Blessed and Sheila Hancock provide the voices for the much loved Goscinny-Uderzo cartoon Gauls and Romans (9024017).
 12.12 Weather (175840).
 12.15 Grandstand: 12.20 Football Focus. Gary Lineker takes over the chair. 1.00 *Cricket Focus*. 1.30 Showjumping: coverage of the Derby Meeting Speed Classic from Hickstead. 1.50 Racing from Newbury. 2.00 *Antordver* Rated Stakes. 2.05 Showjumping: further coverage of the Derby Meeting Speed Classic from Hickstead. 2.25 Racing from Newbury. 2.30 Swettenham Stud St Hugh's Stakes. 2.35 Golf: further coverage of the Woburn Women's Open Championship from Woburn Golf and Country Club. 2.55 Racing from Newbury. 3.00 Tripleprint Geoffrey Freer Stakes. 3.10 Goff 4.5 Final Scores (39591727).
 5.15 News, Weather (9233104).
 5.25 Regional News and Weather (3439765).
 5.30 **Carbon** (91552).
 5.40 **Conneheads** (Steve Barron 1993 US). Slow transition to the big screen for the *Saturday Night Live* characters – a family of aliens who crash-land in Middle American suburbs – guaranteed that they are far from fresh, and the reheated quality of the material must have helped it sit at the box office. Dan Aykroyd, who co-scripted, leads, helped on by the younger generation of *Saturday Night Livers*, including Ellen DeGeneres (4748017).
 7.00 **Do South, Cutie Mountie** in Chicago comedy drama. Fraser gets upight when his father's killer is once more on the loose (S) (983291).
 7.50 **The National Lottery Live** (667185).
 8.05 **Casually** (R) (S) (652630).
 8.55 News and Sport; Weather (Followed by National Lottery Update) (423098).
 9.15 **Stephen King's The Stand**, 3/4, Continuing the adaptation of Stephen King's bizarre virus-on-the-loose novel. Mother Abigail's band of followers is growing, but the Dark Man's evil regime is also getting stronger. What does it all say about the current state of the American psyche? (S) (91611).
 10.45 **Match of the Day**. Highlights from Wimbledon v Manchester United, and Middlesbrough v Liverpool (S) (994529).
 11.50 **Elton** The Perfect Murder (Zafar Haj 1987 UK/Ind). Dim and shadowy screen version from Merchant-Ivory of one of RKF Keating's Inspector Ghote mysteries and starring Naseeruddin Shah as the Bombay detective (3.7307).
 1.20 Weather (8829456). To 1.25am.

BBC2

6.00 **Open University**: Berlin: Unemployment and the Family (360/6530). 6.25 *Modelling Drug Therapy* (3625/65). 6.50 *Organic Chemistry* (2593123). 7.15 Care in the Community (3984123). 7.40 *From Snowdon to the Sea* (1774035). 8.05 *Open Advice*: The Three Degrees (5253207). 8.30 *Changing Voices* (7845388). 8.55 *Understanding Music: Words and Music* (7857123). * 9.20 *Writing a Report* (1247227). 10.10 *Opinion Polls*: The Spiral of Silence (242659). 10.35 *Changing Berlin: Changing Europe* (5401253). * 11.00 *Putting Training to Work* (5148036). 11.25 *News Stories* (8401098). 11.50 *Changing Climate* (775509).
 12.15 *Miss-Takes* (R) (3194611).
 12.25 *The Natural World*. The life and times of a female leopard (R) (7072901).
 1.20 **Macbeth** (Orson Welles 1948 US). Showing in its original version, this is the time to reappraise Orson Welles' take on the Scottish play. The budget restrictions are legendary, but in a sense they help give it its truly original feel. Never before or since has Shakespeare been filmed as a B-movie film noir (39626098).
 3.05 **Jane Eyre** (Robert Stevenson 1944 US). Orson Welles again, this time only in an acting role – albeit a dominating one. He plays Mr Rochester to Joan Fontaine's Jane. The rest is pure Hollywood gothic, co-written by Aldous Huxley, of all people, and co-starring a young Elizabeth Taylor (58841036).
 4.40 **Ferry to Hong Kong** (Lewis Gilbert 1959 UK). Odd little action movie starring Curt Jurgens as a drunken Austrian officer onboard Orson Welles' ferry between Hong Kong and Macao. Jurgens' character redeems himself when a storm threatens the ship (9862949).
 6.30 **Paralympics**. Coverage of the opening ceremony from Atlanta and the first day of competition in the 1996 Paralympics. The ceremony features Christopher Reeve, Liza Minnelli, Carly Simon and Aretha Franklin (S) (802727).
 7.15 **News and Sport**; Weather (980388). *
 7.30 **BBC Proms 1996** (With Radio 3) the BBC Symphony Orchestra's conductor Jiri Belohlavek's first Prom with the ensemble features music from his Czech homeland. Dvorak's *Te Deum*, Martinu's *Field Mass* and Janacek's *Sinfonietta* are contrasted with Mozart's *Piano Concerto No 27 in B flat*, performed by Richard Goode (Subsequent programmes may run late) (S) (32369456).
 9.50 **Dancing in the Street**: A Rock and Roll History Rap, house and hard-core conclude this exemplary series *Sex Preview* above (S) (931765).
 10.50 **Taken Over the Asylum** (R) (4782494). *
 11.40 **Elton** *The More Things Change* (Robyn Nevin 1986 Aus). Comedy-drama about an Australian couple (Lily Morris and Barry Otto) who decide to leave the rat race and buy a small farm (Followed by Weatherview) (S) (420611). To 1.15am.

ITV/London

6.00 **GMTV 6.00 News**; Weather. 6.10 *Cabbage Patch Dolls*. 6.35 *Bananas in Pyjamas*. 7.10 *Barnaby and Friends*. 7.40 *Disney's Wake Up in the Wild Room*. 8.55 *Mashed Rider* (4947388).
 9.25 *Scratchy & Co* (S) (67200630).
 11.30 *The Chart Show* (99765).
 12.30 *Mad Science* (30123).
 1.00 **News & Weather** (24841949). *
 1.10 **Local News**, Weather (24833920). *
 1.10 **Movies**, Games and Video (6340659).
 1.45 **The Making of Eraser**. Behind the scenes of the new Arnold Schwarzenegger movie (58829765).
 2.10 *Airwolf* (R) (7416497).
 3.00 **Thunder in Paradise**. Adventure series set in tropical Florida (S) (173254).
 3.50 **RoboCop** (S) (191036).
 4.45 **News**; **Sports Results**; Weather (4277982). *
 5.05 **London**; **Nights**; **Sports Results** (Followed by LWT Weather) (2880388). *
 5.20 **seaQuest2032**. A ruthless magnate wants control of the planet's fresh water supply (S) (8688785). *
 6.10 **Body Heat**. More physical jets relieved by Mike Smith, Sally Gunnell and Jeremy Guscott. Tonight's tests include a 2 x 200m indoor sprint and a training stint with the Royal Navy (S) (226123). *
 6.55 **You Bet** (Carol Vorderman, Andrew O'Connor and Carolyn Marshall) take on more challenges including abseiling on a hot-air balloon. Last in series, you might be able to hear to (S) (198104). *
 7.55 **News**; Weather; **Lottery Result** (Followed by LWT Weather) (651524). *
 8.10 **The Big, Big Talent Show**. Opportunity knocks for five more wannabees in the Jonathan Ross-hosted "talent" show (S) (546111).
 9.00 **Demolition Man** (Marco Brambilla 1993 US). The year is 2035, and a Utopian California is run along Politically Correct lines – no red meat, coffee, violence, sex or post-coital smoking. Enter time-travelling goodie and baddie Sylvester Stallone and Wesley Snipes and their unreconstructed late-20th-century ways. Part satire, part action movie, this is one of S's most purely enjoyable movies to date. Sandra Bullock plays the inevitable love interest (S) (34522678). *
 11.05 **1941** (Steven Spielberg 1979 US). Spielberg's underrated carnival of a movie, recreating the panic set in 1941 Los Angeles by Pearl Harbour. Slapstick and evocative of the era, with fairly wild performances from the likes of John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, Nancy Allen and Ned Beatty (S) (35804340). *
 1.15 **Tropical Heat** (Followed by ITN News Headlines) (R) (7984895).
 2.10 **American Gladiators** (S) (6248963).
 3.00 **El News Review** (R) (8354079).
 3.45 **God's Gift** (R) (911659).
 4.40 **ITV Sport Classics** (R) (43689470).
 5.05 **Coach** (R) (S) (3523147).
 5.30 **News** (64741). To 6.00am.

Channel 4

6.00 **Sesame Street** (R) (86098).
 7.00 **The Magic School Bus** (R) (S) (11185).
 7.30 **The Ferals** (S) (23920).
 8.00 **Gaelic Games**. In the first of the All-Ireland football semi-finals, Mayo play Kerry for a place in the 1996 Final (17343).
 9.00 **The Morning Line** (S) (19814).
 10.00 **High Five**. Scuba diving in the Red Sea (S) (28938).
 10.30 **The Northumbrian All-Terrain Marathon**. The men's one-mile time trial, the track at Hexham, and the men and women's fifth stage at Embleton Bay. Presented by Christina Box (S) (66814).
 11.00 **Trans World Sport** (82140).
 12.00 **Rawhide** (17272).
 1.00 **Boy's Town** (Norman Taurog 1938 US). Spencer Tracy stars in his Oscar-winning role of the Omaha priest Father Flannigan, founder of a school for juvenile delinquents. With Mickey Rooney and Henry Hull (2880388). *
 2.40 **Contact High** (S) (1422562).
 2.50 **The Man Called Peter** (Henry Kotter 1955 US). Biopic of Alton-born Protestant minister Peter Marshall, played by Richard Todd, who became Chaplain to the US Senate (2178307). *
 5.05 **Brookside** (R) (S) (2704949).
 6.30 **The Middle Ages** Ray Gosling means more people attempting a mid-life change of direction: a housewife from near Bristol who is studying to be an opera singer, a Connish couple who get away from their careers on Lundy island, and a mother who re-sets her A-levels (S) (530). *
 7.00 **News**, Weather (765665).
 7.10 **Europe on the Road**. The focus shifts to Italy, as TV journalist Maria Cuffaro presents a programme against the backdrop of the Palio del Golfo in La Spezia, where fishermen race each other to be the first home with their catch (S) (172815). *
 8.00 **Vets in the Wild**. Young vets working with Barkley Hastings learn about hand-rearing animals and the tools of a vet's trade, before going to Zimbabwe to help solve the mystery of animals dying on a game reserve (R) (7475). *
 9.00 **Ross** takes a stint as chief resident while Greene skips work to be near Jennifer (R) (752185). *
 9.55 **Paul Merton – The Second Series** (R) (S) (501036).
 10.25 **Wild Target** (Pierre Salvadori 1993 Fr). Mordant Gallic comedy in which fastidious hitman Jean Rochefort takes on messenger Guillaume (son of Gerard Depardieu) as his apprentice (154746).
 12.00 **Legend of Aristan**. Manga tale set in AD 320. Followed by *Beastly Behaviour* (Dear (2733857).
 1.15 **The New Twilight Zone**. Followed by *Beastly Behaviour* (Dragonfly (88925).
 1.45 **Frontal** (87296).
 2.15 **Squidwinkelde** (R) (S) (92055). *
 2.45 **Dwebs** (S) (42596). To 3.15am.

Radio



Choice

Tim Whewell remembers how Boris Yeltsin defended democracy, five years ago this week in the Moscow coup attempt against Gorbachev (left). The Politburo's Last Stand (4pm R4). Earlier, this week's edition of *The Eurocrats* (1.1am R4), introduces the men dedicated to stamping out Euro fraud.

anniversary year). Martinu: Field Mass; Jaroslav Simonetta; 10,000 Books Abroad. (4/6). 10.30 Drums to the Fore. Brian Morton introduces a concert given in the Adrian Boult Hall, Birmingham, by two bands led by 1.00 Through the Night. With Donald Macleod. 1.01 Jazz. 1.30 Smetana and Dvorak. 3.30 Early Music. 5.00 Sequence. 5.35-6.00am Open University. 6.00am *Today*. 6.00am *News Briefing*. 6.10 Farming Today. 6.50 Prayer for the Day. 6.55 Weather. 8.58 Weather. 9.00 News. 9.05 Sport on 4. 12.00 Breakaway. 12.30 News Briefing. 13.00 *Today*. 13.30 *Entertainment*. 14.00 News. 14.30 *Entertainment*. 15.00 *Today*. 15.30 *Entertainment*. 16.00 News. 16.30 *Entertainment*. 17.00 *Today*. 17.30 *Entertainment*. 18.00 *Entertainment*. 18.30 *Entertainment*. 19.00 *Entertainment*. 19.30 *Entertainment*. 20.00 *Entertainment*. 20.30 *Entertainment*. 21.00 *Entertainment*. 21.30 *Entertainment*. 22.00 *Entertainment*. 22.30 *Entertainment*. 23.00 *Entertainment*. 23.30 *Entertainment*. 24.00 *Entertainment*. 24.30 *Entertainment*. 25.00 *Entertainment*. 25.30 *Entertainment*. 26.00 *Entertainment*. 26.30 *Entertainment*. 27.00 *Entertainment*. 27.30 *Entertainment*. 28.00 *Entertainment*. 28.30 *Entertainment*. 29.00 *Entertainment*. 29.30 *Entertainment*. 30.00 *Entertainment*. 30.30 *Entertainment*. 31.00 *Entertainment*. 31.30 *Entertainment*. 32.00 *Entertainment*. 32.30 *Entertainment*. 33.00 *Entertainment*. 33.30 *Entertainment*. 34.00 *Entertainment*.

Mercury plans big expansion to boost sales

'High-risk strategy' to connect businesses and small subscribers could lift spending to £500m

CHRIS GODSMARK
Business Correspondent

Mercury Communications, the UK's second-largest telephone operator, is planning a large expansion of its network into local areas, installing direct connections to small businesses and even to some residential customers for the first time.

Senior executives are pressing Mercury's parent, Cable & Wireless, to come up with funding for the high-risk plan, which could see annual investment soar by two-thirds, to around £500m.

The expansion strategy follows a confidential review of prospects at Mercury, which has been squeezed by increasingly tough competition for larger business customers.

Managers see an assault on the so-called "local loop" for small business and high-spending residential customers as their best hope to boost sales, which has slowed considerably in recent years. Last year Mercury's turnover rose by just 3 per cent, to £1.7bn.

Currently, only Mercury's largest spending customers, those with phone bills running into tens of thousands of pounds, have direct connections to the company's national fibre optic network, the result of a £3.5bn investment since the mid-Eighties.

The rest have indirect connections mainly using BT's local infrastructure and the "Mercury button" built into the phone. If Mercury installed its own direct connections, customer would receive one bill instead of two.

There are three options under consideration, the most promising of which revolves around wireless telephony.

where the phone is connected to a base station using a radio signal from an aerial.

Mercury has been awarded a licence to operate radio connections, though the terms and conditions have yet to be finalised with the Government.

A trial of 22 small businesses in Reading was completed last month. Mercury's chief executive, Peter Howell-Davies, described the experiment as "successful". He explained: "Mercury has the second-largest local loop in Britain, primarily aimed at medium to large customers. As technology changes, so does the capability to service different segments of the market."

Mercury's second option is to extend its fibre optic links under the ground to much smaller-spending businesses. Another trial took place in Bristol last spring, though in marketing terms it is thought to have been "not for sale".

Mr Brown's warmer attitude to Mercury's prospects has pleased managers, who watched with growing frustration as the parent group appeared to vacillate over its long-term future.

Mr Howell Davies said: "Dick came over to our offices on his first day in the job and has spent a lot of time with us since. He's made it very clear that he sees Mercury as a key part of Cable & Wireless's business and the cornerstone of his European strategy."

The expansion would end a long period of consolidation at Mercury, which two years ago announced 2,500 job cuts and an exit from the phone market. The restructuring, which involved an end to high-profile residential marketing campaigns, cost £122m, but reduced Mercury's cost base by over £60m.

Dick Brown: Conducting a strategic review

cess to homes for the first time, gaining a firm foothold in the highly profitable top end of the residential market.

The problem for Mercury is that its preferred partner, the third-largest UK cable firm, Bell Cablemedia, appears on the verge of an alliance with the German telephones giant Deutsche Telekom. Mercury has a 13 per cent stake in Bell Cablemedia and two seats on its board and the negotiations with Deutsche Telekom are the source of growing concern to insiders.

Results of the review are being put to Cable & Wireless's new chief executive, Dick Brown, who joined the company in July after the enforced departure of James Ross and Lord Young and the failure to agree a merger with BT. Mr Brown is conducting a strategic review, but is understood to have reaffirmed that Mercury is "not for sale".

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As a result of the demerger, Thorn EMI will disappear from the FTSE-100 list of leading shares, but both of the demerged businesses will join the top tier. Cookson, the engineering and ceramics group, will be removed to make way.

Shares in the two businesses will start trading on Monday. Shares in the larger EMI group, which will include the HMV records chain, are expected to start trading at around £14. The smaller Thorn division, which includes the Radio Rentals and Crazy George's businesses, is expected to see its shares open at around 410p.

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On its last day of trading



His master's voice: Sir Colin Southgate tells shareholders the demerger will release two businesses for new growth

Vote solid for Thorn demerger

NIGEL COPE

Shareholders in Thorn-EMI yesterday voted overwhelmingly in favour of the demerger of the company into two separate businesses - Thorn rentals and the EMI music division.

The vote was carried by a show of hands at a well-attended extraordinary general meeting in London. Some 90 per cent of proxies also voted in favour.

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from under the umbrellas of EMI, which is a glamourous business. It will develop its own strategy and strengths and drive forward faster.

Sir Colin also told the meeting that adviser fees for the demerger had totalled £70m - a relatively small sum for a company valued at £8bn, he said.

Some analysts regard the EMI business as a takeover target at a possible figure of £20 per share. The Thorn rental business is, however, earmarked for more pedestrian growth.

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Hanson poison pill stirs bile of investors

TOM STEVENSON
City Editor

Institutional investors yesterday expressed concern over Hanson's plan to put in place a "poison pill" to prevent a takeover of Millennium, the chemicals arm to be demerged from the conglomerate in October.

Hanson defended the move, claiming it was standard practice in the US and had been used successfully at the time of last year's US Industries spin-off.

One leading institution said: "We don't like it at all. Public companies shouldn't have poison pill arrangements. We plan to take it up with the company."

Others expressed surprise that Hanson, whose very existence had been predicated on the art of the hostile takeover, should attempt to put in place an artificial bid-blocking mechanism.

Christopher Collins, vice-chairman of Hanson, described the arrangement, which prevents a potential predator from taking a stake of more than 15 per cent without entering into negotiations with the company, as "a fairly standard US device". He cited statistical evidence showing that companies using

the poison pill had acted in the interests of shareholders, boosting the price at which takeover targets were eventually taken out.

He denied that the use of the device implied that Hanson expected a takeover bid for Millennium. But he said that there would inevitably be a transition period during which some UK investors withdrew from the New York quoted company which might lead to the sort of share price weakness that might attract a bidder.

In the 15 months since US Industries, a collection of non-core American businesses, was spun off from Hanson, the proportion of British shareholders has fallen to only 10 per cent. A similar exodus is expected at Millennium.

According to a J P Morgan study, the median takeover premium of companies employing the block between 1988 and 1995 was 51.4 per cent. That compared with a premium of 35.5 per cent for companies without the protection.

Hanson's shares, down from 211.5p at the time of the demerger announcement in January, closed 3.5p lower at 163p.

Comment, page 17

Wickes suspension to go on into September

NIGEL COPE

Wickes, the DIY retailer whose shares were suspended after a £30m profits-overstatement, will not complete its preliminary investigations into the affair until the end of September. The lengthy inquiry means the shares will not start trading again until at least three months after details of the accounting errors first became known.

The details of the investigation were contained in a letter sent to shareholders yesterday from Wickes chairman Michael von Brentano. In the company's first communication with investors since news of the problems became public, Wickes also said it had appointed a new

finance director and had begun a search for a new chief executive and non-executive directors.

Mr von Brentano said discussions were continuing with Wickes' suppliers and that until those talks have been completed it would not be possible to finalise the company's revised profit figures for 1995. Only then could the shares start trading again.

The company's relationships with its suppliers are the focus of the investigation. The letter states: "As the accounting problems are linked with supplier contributions such as volume rebates, a review of underlying arrangements with a large number of suppliers is part of the brief given to our advisers. At

the same time we need to address our future relationships with our suppliers in a constructive fashion."

Wickes has written to 200 suppliers asking for details on rebate payments and other buying arrangements.

Adopting an apologetic tone,

Mr von Brentano's letter concludes: "Your board deeply regrets what has taken place. We are determined to identify those responsible and to take appropriate action at all levels."

Henry Sweetbaum resigned

as executive chairman in June the day after the accounting scam emerged. Two other Wickes' directors, Les Miles and Chris Miles, have been suspended pending the completion of the investigation by Price Waterhouse.

One Wickes insider said there

was no evidence so far to implicate board members. But the source was more circumspect about whether there would be legal proceedings against any other employees. "That will come out as part of the preliminary investigation," he said.

The new Wickes finance director is Bill Hoskins, former finance director at speciality chemicals company Lapsote.

He will replace Stuart Stridling,

who has already stated his intention to stand down. He will relinquish the finance director's post but remain on the board as an executive director until the investigation is completed.

Meanwhile, another Liffe trader is being sued by a colleague over an attack at a Christmas dinner, in which he smashed a bottle over the other trader's head.

The incident took place at a meal for between 15 and 20 Liffe traders at the Pont de la Tour, one of London's top restaurants. The meal broke up in disarray after Simon Calvert, attacked Ashley Moore.

Diners at the Pont de la Tour, which is owned by Sir Terence Conran, the design guru, watched in amazement as

Steve Hills, founder and joint managing director at HIT, said Mr Kelly had been fined for the offence at the end of 1994. The general category under which the fine was levied by Liffe was "language and behaviour likely to cause offence".

Mr Hills added of the apology for Mr Kelly: "Everyone is famous for 15 minutes, aren't they?" He added that his employee regretted both the offences which led to action being taken against him. Mr Kelly himself declined to comment.

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Mr Calvert, who is said to earn millions from his trades in the Exchange's "bund" (German bond) pit, was persuaded by another trader to stay in the restaurant after the incident.

Four of Mr Moore's teeth were broken in the attack and he suffered complete loss of feeling to the side of his face for two weeks. He was off work for several months after the attack, in December 1994.

Mr Moore received 25 stitches for injuries to his head. His assailant was suspended from

trading by Liffe until he pleaded guilty to assault before London magistrates last summer and was fined £1,000. Mr Moore said that he was called to see Liffe officials last year and told his attacker would be returning to the pit. "I was told he was coming back and they hoped I will be prepared to turn the other cheek," Mr Moore said.

However, it was also pointed out that the Government is still over-spending against its official targets.

He is now suing Mr Calvert for loss of earnings.

NIC CICUTI

Colin "Ned" Kelly, the London International Financial Futures and Options Exchange trader fined £200 for abusing a member of staff, was cheered by colleagues on the trading floor after details of his offence were published.

Following traders in the FTSE 100 pit, where Mr Kelly works, were among a group who applauded him when he appeared for work on the day *The Independent* ran the story about him.

It is understood that photocopies of the story, which described how Mr Kelly swore and shouted at a female Liffe pit observer in June, were widely distributed among traders.

It was also confirmed yesterday that Mr Kelly, who reportedly earns £250,000 working for Hills Independent Trading (HIT), a top Liffe member, was fined £150 for another incident 18 months ago, in which he was said to have made baboon-like gestures and noises at a black trader.

Steve Hills, founder and joint managing director at HIT, said Mr Kelly had been fined for the offence at the end of 1994. The general category under which the fine was levied by Liffe was "language and behaviour likely to cause offence".

Mr Hills added of the apology for Mr Kelly: "Everyone is famous for 15 minutes, aren't they?" He added that his employee regretted both the offences which led to action being taken against him. Mr Kelly himself declined to comment.

Meanwhile, another Liffe trader is being sued by a colleague over an attack at a Christmas dinner, in which he smashed a bottle over the other trader's head.

The incident took place at a meal for between 15 and 20 Liffe traders at the Pont de la Tour, one of London's top restaurants. The meal broke up in disarray after Simon Calvert, attacked Ashley Moore.

Diners at the Pont de la Tour, which is owned by Sir Terence Conran, the design guru, watched in amazement as

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market report/shares

DATA BANK

FT-SE 100
3872.9+35.5

FT-SE 250
4366.4+10.4

FT-SE 350
1935.7+14.9

SEAO VOLUME

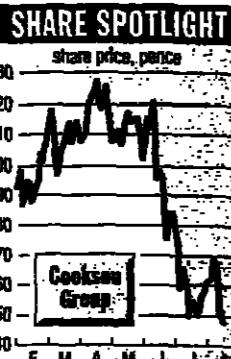
602.3m shares,

30,227 bargains

Giants Index

N/A

SHARE SPOTLIGHT



Shares romp ahead in the grip of summer madness

Shares stretched to a record high as the stock market continued what some of the cynics describe as "summer madness".

Although trading was far from enthusiastic — many big hitters are still on holiday — and a technical situation arose in the futures market, there is no doubt shares have taken on a new air of confidence in the past two weeks.

Interest rate cuts are still in the air and the feel-good factor is seeping through to the consumer. The PSBR figures underlined the possibility of Budget tax cuts and the profit and dividend record remains strong. To pile on the pleasure New York has not, as so many predicted, toppled; it remains confidently overvalued. A low level of housing starts provided the latest encouragement.

It was in such an atmosphere that the FT-SE 100 index romped ahead 35.5 points to

3,872.9, easily topping the previous peak of 3,857.1, achieved five months ago.

Blue chips have been in exhilarating form for much of this month, scoring 10 gains and only two reverses. The supporting 250 index has been firm although it remains more than 200 points from its peak. It rose 10.4 to 4,366.4. Where to now? Some hopefuls expect Footsie to reach 4,000 by the end of the month; others have set their sights on 4,000 for the year-end. But after the latest, run even the more cheerful 1996 estimates may have to be be.

The market could, however, struggle on Monday when it seems a large batch of shares are due to go ex-dividend.

For Thorne EMI — to be split into Thorne, a rental group, and EMI, a highly rated showbiz operation on Monday — it was a triumphant Footsie farewell. With the demerger, to

the surprise of no one, approved by shareholders, the shares soared 44p to 1,833p, just below their high. The Thorn arm is expected to start trading at around 410p with EMI seen as a takeover target, nudging 1,400p. NatWest Securities believe any bid price will be around 210.

The arrival of twin thorns means that Cookson, the conglomerate, is dumped in the investment wilderness outside Footsie. After attempting to rally the shares fell back 2.5p to 248p, lowest for more than a year.

Railtrack was the best performing blue chip, gaining 9p to 243p on talk it had under-

performed since it came to market in May and remains an appealing income stock. But some could not refrain from wondering whether corporate action loomed. After the takeover of Porterbrook, the rolling stock leasing company, by Stagecoach for a seemingly generous £825m the once mundane railway industry could be ripe for a series of bids.

BSkyB, expected to produce a 56 per cent profit increase to £256m on Tuesday, climbed 18p to 533p as Barclays de Zoete Wedd made encouraging noises.

Banks remained strong with

Lloyds TSB, up 9.5p to 369p, taking up the running. Among merchant bankers Hambros, a long time takeover shot, rose 6p to 242p.

On the oil pitch British Petroleum climbed to yet another peak, 629p, with an 11p gain. Shell, enjoying SBC Warburg support, added 8p to 940p. Frost, the independent petrol retailer, pumped up an 8p gain to 113p on the lowering of the petrol price war. It has risen 23p in two days.

Hanson suffered the humiliation of falling 3.5p to 163p after its lacklustre profit and the lack of upbeat information about the four way merger. UBS put the break up value at 160p to 164p. Earlier this year some analysts were talking about 240p. BTR lost 2.5p to 255.5p.

British Aerospace rose 11p to 964p on the Matra missiles venture. Elsewhere British

Steel hardened 3p to 186.5p following Société Générale Strauss Turnbull buy advice.

Bass, expected to at last clinch the takeover of the Carlsberg-Betley brewing group next week was a shade easier but Allied Domecq, owner of half of CI, rose 6p to 449p.

RTZ continued to firm on the improving copper price, up 10p to 969p, and Barykudik lost 33p to 293p following the loss of a Kazakh gold licence by a consortium in which it is

involved.

Colleagues, a recruitment group, produced its second profit warning within two weeks and fell another 26p to 119p. Stride, confirming its cash call, edged forward to 7p. The marketing group is raising £2.5m.

Alled Leisure gained 4.5p to 43.5p; it has completed the acquisition of the last of 19 Granada bowling businesses. The shares firmed to 42p.

TAKING STOCK

MARKET REPORT

DEREK PAIN

Stock market reporter of the year

THE INDEPENDENT

Win a Historic Break

Three atmospheric country house hotels in West Sussex, the Elizabethan Ockenden Manor in Cuckfield, the Spread Eagle Hotel, a 15th Century coaching inn in Midhurst and Baileyston, a mediaeval folly in Climping are offering

Independent readers the chance to win a luxurious break including two nights accommodation, breakfast and dinner on one night for 3 couples.

Call 0144 415 111. If you don't win why not book a 2 night special break from £30 per person with dinner, bed and breakfast. For further information contact Ockenden Manor Tel: 0144 415 111.

To enter, simply dial the number below, answer the two questions on line and leave your details. So call:

0891 161 945

Call cost 35p/min cheap rate, 40p/min all other areas. Winner picked at random after draw close 30th August 96. Usual Newspaper Publishing rules apply. Editor's decision is final.

Prize subject to availability.

Call cost 35p/min (cheap rate), and 40p at all other times. Call charges include tax.

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□ The transformation of

Telecom Credit Europe con-

tinues. Now Meteor Techno-

logy, mainly in shares, for

Paragon which provides pay

phones in National Health

and private hospitals as well

as health centres. Earlier this

month Meteor, in a reverse

takeover, acquired DigiPhone

Europe, marketing Internet

telephone software (which al-

lows long-distance calls to be

made at cheap rates) and

providing cash pay phones.

Meteor shares held at 38p.

Share Price Data

Prices are in sterling except where stated. The yield is last year's dividend, grossed up by 20 per cent as a percentage of the share price. The price/earnings (PE) ratio is the share price divided by last year's earnings per share, excluding exceptional items.

Other details: Ex rights x Ex dividend: A ex all United Securities Market: A suspended

or partly paid pm All Paid Shares: + A stock

Source: FT Information

The Independent Index

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FT-SE 100 - Real-time 00 00

UK Stock Market Report 00 00

FT-SE 100 - Year-end 00 00

UK Company News 00 00

Foreign Exchange 00 00

FT-SE 100 - High Street 00 00

FT-SE 100 - Stock Market Report 00 00

FT-SE 100 - Real-time 00 00

FT-SE 100 - Year-end 00 00

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sport

WATERSKIING: British pair prepare to attempt the conquest of Europe. Louis Jebb reports

Speed and smoke on the water

Jason Seels will be 20 on Wednesday and Sarah Gatty Saunt is two months his senior. Seels started to waterski when he was seven, Gatty Saunt when she was four, and both have competed internationally since they were 12. They represent a bright future but also the glowing present of the sport in Britain, and are members of the national team for the European Championships that begin at Velsenbaek, near Copenhagen, on Thursday.

Their dedication is one of the main reasons why waterskiing has established a winning tradition in Britain on the back of championship success in the early 1980s – unlike a host of sports that were represented, and much lamented, at the Atlanta Olympics.

British waterskiing experienced a dip in fortunes at senior level in the early 1990s, but the present squad have a real chance of winning the European title

in Denmark, with Italy and France as their main rivals. They are a young group, with a leavening of experience and continuity with the glory days – when Mike Hazelwood was Britain's last world champion in 1977 – provided by Philippa Roberts, who is appearing in her 20th European Championships at the age of 36, and skiing better than ever. The other team members are Jodi Fisher, 26, Paul Price, 18, the national jump champion, and Tom Asher, 15. Asher, who is Hazelwood's nephew, won the individual silver medal at the World Junior Championships last week at Edmonton, Canada, and Britain won the team silver.

Seels was born to British parents in South Africa. At the age of 11 he arrived in Britain for a holiday to visit relations, and skied in the National Junior Championships, winning most of the events. With South Africa excluded from international competition, the family moved to Britain so that Jason could compete for the British team.

This is the seventh successive summer in which he has visited the National Water Sports Centre, at Holme Pierrepont, near Nottingham, for national squad training. In those seven years he has picked up a sequence of titles at Dauphin (under-14), junior (under-17), under-21 and senior level, culminating with the European under-21 title for the past two years, and the overall British senior title. Seels, who has just completed his first year of a degree in Sports Science at Portsmouth, spoke modestly about his achievements when he

and Gatty Saunt broke from training at Holme Pierrepont this week. But the British team have high hopes for him.

Gatty Saunt's interest in the sport dates back to family holidays by the sea in North Wales. She "messes around" with the sport until seeing the World Championships at Thorpe Park, Surrey, on television when she was 11 years old. Karen Morse, a celebrated international competitor, advised her to go on a talent-spotting weekend, and within a year Sarah was representing Britain. She won European slalom events at all three junior levels and is the reigning British tricks champion.

In the year she left school, she ruptured the ligaments in her left knee when practising a jump – where the skier comes on to the sloping jump ramp at anything up to 70mph – and took a year off after surgery. A typical year has her temping an office in

London from September to December before spending four months skiing in Australia before the European season.

Her mentor for many years has been John Battleday, another leading light from Hazelwood's and

Morse's generation. Both she and Seels have spent much of their careers training with Battleday at the club at Kirton Farm, near Reading. Earlier this year Seels broke Battleday's 12-year-old record for tricks – a sequence of jump, flip, twists and turns on a short, wide board in two 20-second passes – when he tricked 8,930 points, compared to Battleday's 8,650 in 1984.

This weekend the season goes into overdrive. Seels and Gatty Saunt both compete in the British Under-21 Nationals at Hazelwood, in Lincolnshire, today and tomorrow, before a squad get-together at Prince's club, at Staines, in Middlesex, on Monday, and the flight to Denmark on Tuesday. There are cash prizes on offer at the Café de Colombia British Masters at Kirton's Hotel, starting on 30 August, before the European Under-21s at Thorpe Park, on 14-15 September, when Seels defends his overall title.

They are both leanly but strongly built – more like high hurdlers than flat sprinters

– and have a natural

ability to move quickly and

smoothly. They are both

keenly aware of the

importance of safety

and the need to

keep their heads

in the game. They are

both determined to

achieve their goals

and are both

keen to succeed.

They are both

keen to succeed.

sport

Townsend giving the orders at stand-off

Bill Leith previews a sports occasion of celebration and remembrance

One of the most poignant occasions in the history of Scottish sport will unfold today at Murrayfield, where a crowd of around 30,000 expected to watch a Scotland XV take on the Barbarians to honour the memory of 16 children and their teacher killed by a gunman at Dunblane Primary School earlier this year.

Of all the projects undertaken by the Scottish Rugby Union, few could have been so demanding as arranging an event in which a nation has had to be struck between a celebration of the dead. In the circumstances, the talk of any early-season benefit to the team that this game will provide in the implications of investing the captaincy in Gregor Townsend seems slightly callous.

But sport would be futile without some kind of competitive edge, and Charlie Laird, of the SRU, has stressed that all the organising has taken place in conjunction with the Dunblane community, among whom the Scottish team completed preparations at the local high school yesterday. Townsend said the exercise, which attracted a crowd of 500, had proved beneficial in terms of putting the game into perspective. Townsend will play at stand-off as opposed to the centre position he occupied for much of last season with Northampton.

Jim Telfer, who is standing down as team manager to concentrate on his duties as director of rugby, is among the officials who have been insisting all week that the Barbarians, drawn from eight countries and brought together at short notice, represent a realistic test.

The assistant coach, David Johnston, recalled yesterday that in previous trips to Murrayfield the Barbarians had thrown up hitherto unknown talents such as the Springboks' Danie Gerber and Andre Joubert. This time it could be the turn of the Argentinian scrum-half Augustin Pichot, who is linked with a move to Leicester.

Scott Hastings today will be playing for the first time against his older brother Gavin, who has emerged from representative retirement – and a career in American football – to boost the "names" in the Barbarian side, which also includes the former All Black No 8 Arran Peacock.

SCOTLAND: R Shepheard; D Stark (both Melrose), S Hastings (Watsonians), R Sorenstam (Glasgow), S Logan (Strathclyde), G Armstrong (Newcastle), D Hitter (Bath), S Ellis (Cumb.), P Wright (Leeds), S Rouse (Preston), S Sivell (Harrow), S Newell (Cirencester), E Peters (Bath), Smith (Gosforth).

BARBARIANS: G Marshall (Lancs), G Smith (Lancs), S Williams (Lancs), D Cornwell (Notts), T Underwood (Eng), P Heward (Aus), A Pichot (Arg), G Rosevear, R Cudmore, Barter (all Lancs), P Jones (Welsh), G Gaseau (Fra), A Paine (Notts), J Morrissey (Scot).

TODAY'S NUMBER

6

Great Britain were announced yesterday as having finished sixth in athletics at the Atlanta Olympics, with 68 points calculated on the basis of medals in finals. The United States were first with 249 points. Britain's men finished fourth overall, and the women 11th.

17.11.150

Lomu waits for no one except the coach

Jonah Lomu's intimidating presence on the New Zealand bench in Durban today, for the first in a three-Test series, may only be temporary, but the most unexpected sight in rugby is unpredictable testimony to the All Black dominance of the world game. No other side would even contemplate leaving out a player of Lomu's frightening power. New Zealand, though, are in a league of their own.

Quite simply, Sean Fitzpatrick's 1996 side are the best international rugby side by a distance, and – whilst it's extremely quiet, particularly in Twickenham's hallowed corridors – they are going to get even better. The northern hemisphere is

sphere game is already struggling to keep pace with their southern counterparts. But it is not just the politically racked Five Nations who are losing the fight. Australia and South Africa have manfully attempted to compete with New Zealand in the inaugural Tri-Nations tournament over the past six weeks.

That they both failed in every department of the flowing, singeing play that seems so alien to European sides is further proof of what everybody really knew a little over a year ago. Then, just days after blowing apart Jack Rowell's tactically naive England in the World Cup semi-final, the All Blacks somehow contrived to lose the final to South Africa.

The New Zealand coach at the time, Laurie Mains, carried the can for misjudging a plan that should have taken apart a workmanlike Springbok team. His successor, John Hart, is not so prone to benevolent behaviour. Hart had an indirect role to play in New Zealand's success in the inaugural Rugby World Cup in 1987, as coach of the provincial giants of the time, Auckland, he shaped players the calibre of Joe Stanley, Grant Fox and John Kirwan. Brian Lachance, the then All Black coach, acknowledged Hart's part in the World Cup build-up by appointing him assistant coach.

Leading up to the 1991 World Cup, Hart was brought

David Daniels, in Durban, has seen the future of rugby – and it's all black

7 side, Fitzpatrick, Michael Jones and Zinzan Brooke – all Aucklanders – is proof of the continuity that has run through the New Zealand game.

Fitzpatrick admitted: "I always believed I would never play in a better team than 1987, but now I'm not so sure. This team has so many things going for it that I would have to rate them a shade better. Now we have so many talented players in so many different positions with the ability to adapt to every situation. We didn't have that in '87."

"Our backs, in particular, have the pace and flair to cut through any defence, and that gives us the edge. We won two close games in recent weeks,

coming from behind to beat Australia and then, last week, to storm through to a last-quarter victory over South Africa. That says volumes for our ability to stay cool under pressure and get the job done even when the clock is running down. I'd like to think we will get even better."

Hart is just as complimentary. "I guess until this side wins the World Cup people everywhere will always give the '87 side the nod. I suppose that's fair enough. In the modern-day game, results seem to be all-important. Personally, I'm not convinced they are the be-all and end-all."

"I think it's more important the way you win. The manner of your approach says every

Offiah wants to spoil Wigan party

Rugby League

DAVE HADFIELD

Martin Offiah will deny himself a Stones Super League Championship medal today if he can inspire his team, the London Broncos, to beat his former team-mates from Wigan.

Offiah played enough games before his transfer to qualify for the medal, but defeat at The Valley this evening will mean that any honours for Wigan will be the hollow and unfamiliar ones accorded to the runners-up. Indeed, if Wigan lose today and St Helens beat the Sheffield

Eagles tomorrow, the title will have been decided.

Shaun McRae, the Saints coach, is one who does not expect it to work out that way. "We are expecting Wigan to win both their remaining games, which means that we have to win both ours."

Nevertheless, London at The Valley are a formidable proposition, and they already possess the psychological edge of having taken a potentially crucial point from Wigan at Central Park.

It is the manner of that draw, rather than any trepidation at facing Offiah, which most concerns the Wigan coach, Graeme West. "They got away with slowing the game down that day, which makes a mockery of the way in which it is supposed to be played these days," West said. "I just hope they don't get away with as much this time."

Tulson Tollett, the Broncos' newly selected Great Britain squad member, does not believe there will be a repeat of London's tactics. "The crowd weren't very happy about it, and I've spoken to a few of the Wigan players at the Great Britain meeting this week and I know they weren't too happy about it, either," Tollett said.

"But I don't think we'll go about it the same way, because they would be expecting it this time."

The London coach, Tony Currie, offers no apologies for upsetting Wigan. "There is no rule in rugby league that says every game has to be played in the way that suits Wigan's taste," he said.

"Wigan wear down sides who lack fitness, but now we are as fit as them, as strong as them and – with the addition of Offiah and our new centre David Krause – as fast as them. At a conservative estimate there will be 10,000 people there, but all the pressure will be on Wigan, not us."

Currie is without the winger, Scott Roskell, and his loose forward and the captain, Terry Matterson, but Gavin Allen is fit to resume. West still has to decide whether to restore Shaun Edwards to his starting line-up or to carry on with Craig Murdoch at scrum-half.

Hull's Glen Liddiard has failed in his appeal against a two-match ban and misses their tour of New Zealand, Fiji and Papua New Guinea. "We will obviously have to refer to our own lawyers because the situation is not as simple as the Australians would have everyone believe."

British trio banned by Australians

Great Britain's autumn trip Down Under is in deeper trouble after the Australian Rugby League yesterday announced a complete ban on their players from taking part in tour matches.

The move follows the ARL's earlier refusal to release the Super League referee to release contracted players for two scheduled Tests between Australia and New Zealand in June.

Centre Connolly and winger Robinson, named in the Lions' 32-strong party earlier this week, have both signed future contracts with the ARL, so will be in dispute with the worldwide Super League organisation.

Now ARL officials say no New Zealand players under contract to the organisation will be released to play against the tourists. New Zealand, a Super League ally, have several players affected by the ARL's decision, including Jason Lowrie, Dave Watson, Gary Freeman, Jarrod McCracken and Craig Innes.

Skelton closes on rare double

Equestrianism

GENEVIEVE MURPHY

reports from Hickstead

Nick Skelton rode the speedy mare, Sublime, to win yesterday's Silk Cut Derby Trial, defeating his long-standing friend and Olympic team-mate, Michael Whitaker on Touchdown, by a 2.29sec margin. Michel Robert of France, filled third place on Degasina.

Though Skelton has won the Silk Cut Derby on three occasions this was his first success in the trial. Only once has the same rider won the two com-

petitions and that was back in 1979 when Eddie Macken completed the double for Ireland.

Skelton is not, however, bothered about the so-called jinx. "It shouldn't be a problem," he said with a grin, after his victory. If he can win tomorrow on either Sublime or Caribbean (with whom he completed a clear round in yesterday's jump-off) Skelton will collect £40,000 for the Derby victory and a bonus of £5,000 for winning the trial as well.

Whitaker will also be riding two horses tomorrow – both of them borrowed. James Kerrigan's stallion Touchdown, with

whom he was first into yesterday's jump-off, achieved two clear rounds and was impressive except for some ominous dithering on the 10ft 6in Derby Bank.

His second mount was Caribbean, normally ridden by either his brother, John, or his niece, Louise. Michael had his first ride on Gammon yesterday morning, when he jumped six fences in an outside arena on the 18-year-old gelding.

He then jumped a clear round in the Derby Trial and, having lowered the second jump-off fence, had a quiet school over the rest of the course.

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Gullit promises a thoughtful revolution

Glenn Moore
meets the new manager with a mission to make multinational Chelsea both sophisticated and successful

Karin, Johnson, Leboeuf, Clarke, Petrescu, Gullit, Di Matteo, Wise, Phelan, Hughes, Vialli. Eleven names, 10 nationalities. One team?

Getting Chelsea's polyglot collection to blend is Ruud Gullit's task for the season, beginning with tomorrow's match against Southampton at The Dell. A taxing one, surely, even for a such a gifted multilingual communicator. It did not appear to worry the Dutchman unduly when we met over lunch this week. "I am very relaxed," he said. "I will not know how different it is being a manager until we lose a match. Then I will see if I can cope with it."

In the flesh, Gullit is just as engaging and expansive as he appears on television. He also has presence, that indefinable something which marks someone out from the crowd. Add the respect earned by his achievements, and you have a formidable combination.

'These are not Continental ideas, these are my own ideas. I have my experience and I want to use that'

It needs to be - Gullit has introduced afternoon training at Chelsea (as well as the customary morning session). While a common enough practice abroad, it is rare here and not many managers would risk such a drastic change to players' routines. However, he is not, he insists, looking to change all English habits overnight. To illustrate, he referred to an incident during the recent Umbro Cup, when Chelsea played on Saturday and Sunday.

"After the first match I allowed them a beer. They did not ask for it but I said if someone wants a beer they can have one. On a normal Saturday they would have a beer. It depends on how you drink them, it is not so good if you have a lot of them but if you have a beer with your food it is OK. Everyone knows if you do not eat the proper things and drink the proper things you will get tired. Last year I told them what I was used to and they know I won all these things. I am not demanding things of them but now some players do it [change their eating and drinking habits] by themselves - some won't because they are used to it. That is OK. Everybody has their own way, but they must know their limits."



Ruud Gullit: 'Being injured, though not good for me as a player, is good for me to see to where I need to attend to things in the team'

Photograph: Robert Hallam

"These are not Continental ideas, they are my own ideas. I have my experience, I have played under many good managers, and I want to use that on the team." Those managers form quite a masterclass - Rinus Michels, Johan Cruyff, Wim van Hanegem, Arrigo Sacchi, Fabio Capello, Sven Goran Eriksson and Glenn Hoddle.

Sacchi's influence is clear in the way Gullit is looking to encourage a sense of responsibility on the field. Chelsea frequently lost leads last season and Gullit and Graham Rix, the first-team coach, have been both improving fitness and emphasising the need for discipline.

"It is the 'what if' principle," Rix

said. "We want players to ask what if we lose the ball now - will I be in a position to do something about it? We want to play good, attacking football but we won't, for example, have both wing-backs bombing on at once so often."

"I want players to think first of what they can do for the team," Gullit added. "Everybody has an assignment. They have one for when we don't have the ball and one for when we do. It is like the pieces in a clock. If one piece is wrong, the clock does not work."

"It was the same with Milan. Every day the same thing, every day your assignment. The team move like that, the team move like that, the

team move like that," Gullit said, stressing the repetition. "All of a sudden you could dream it, without thinking you did it. Then, when you had the ball you could explore yourself because you were not thinking about it. Then you make a dummy, you score a goal, everybody is happy. Simple, really - but only after the hard work has been put in."

"In the Umbro Cup, I let them play two different styles, each with their own assignments, and it worked for them," Gullit added. "So it is now easier for me as a coach to change things, they will accept it more easily. First you have to prove it works."

Shades here of the England players walking off the pitch after they

had beaten the Netherlands in the European Championship. They exclaimed, in near awe, that everything Terry Venables had predicted would happen if they performed their own specific tasks had happened.

Gullit, when he recovers from last week's minor leg operation, will play in midfield. Chelsea are likely to play an adaptation of Glenn Hoddle's 3-5-2, though Gullit is still tinkering.

"I have to see in which formation they play the best," he said. "It was the same with Milan. Milan started with 4-3-3, then [Marco] van Basten was injured and we had to change something. It was against Verona, we played 4-4-2 and we played so good

it was 'ah, we've found it'. The same with Chelsea, I want to see what they do the best. Being injured, though not good for me as a player, is good for me to see where I need to attend to things in the team. The team are more important than myself."

"This season is starting a new adventure. Every season excites me but this one is different. There is more to do, more everything. You must always look for challenges in life otherwise you will get bored."

Much of Gullit's positive approach comes from his father, who emigrated to the Netherlands from Surinam, where Gullit was born. He worked during the day and went to night school for eight years. Gullit

said: "It was not easy. He told me that to achieve things I would also have to work hard."

"The most important thing is talent, whether you are black or white. I was aware that I was black but for me it was a stimulation. If I played with 10 white guys and I was the only black guy, everybody would look at me and for me that was an advantage. If you feel attacked by the way you are different, you have a problem. You have to be positive."

"Sometimes with Milan they whistled at me when I was on the ball, but I took it as a compliment. I said: 'You are so afraid of me.' It made me feel good. You have to be positive because nobody is going to solve it for you."

That can-do philosophy has taken Gullit a long way. He has won European Cups with his club, European Championships with his country. What will be success with Chelsea?

"If I see on the faces of the play-

'I want my players to think first of what they can do for the team. Everybody has an assignment'

ers that they are enjoying what they do, then I have achieved what I want." A noble ambition, but hardly enough to satisfy Chelsea's supporters and board. However, if the team are enjoying themselves it is likely to be reflected in their results.

Pre-season went well enough, Chelsea beating everyone from Ajax to Sampdoria. The new players have been encouraged to mix with English-speaking team-mates, even Gianluca Vialli having to share a room -

despite offering to pay the extra to have his own. Vialli has also negotiated the customary exclusive tabloid contract - he must have been short of a few bob - and appears to be settling as well in London as Gullit.

"London is good for everything," Gullit said. "There are a lot of celebrities living here and people leave you alone. In Italy I had a lot of admiration, which is good, but they also affect your life, I have time to go to the shop and buy something now. In Italy I had to go to the front of the store and rush out. I am not complaining about it, but as a person I also desire sometimes to just go walking on a street, or sit on a terrace and watch the people go by. Here I can do that."

Triumph and trauma at end of Brighton pier

FAN'S EYE VIEW
No 149: SKY TV
By Simon Carroll

Fowler scored yet again against his beloved Arsenal?

Then there was the experience of two years ago, when Manchester United lost the title on the final day of the season, and I half expected to see their supporters throwing themselves, leaping-like, into the sea as they left the pub in misery. More mundanely, if everything has turned sour by the final whistle, you can always comfort yourself with a consolation prize at the bar.

Yes, the big kick-off is nearly here. I have, of course, indulged myself in some pre-season training which has consisted of picking several Fantasy Football teams. Yet this has led to a rising sense of frustration as, after having studied my team, I would have to be richer than Jack Walker to win the Premiership. This appears to be extremely unlikely under the present circumstances and I am not keen on paying £4m for Stuart Pearce in fantasy money, let alone cold cash.

The new season is dripping with promise following the European Championship and last season's Premiership, which was undoubtedly the most entertaining for many years. If you add exotic new names such as Di Matteo, Ravanelli and Emerson to the recipe, you have a truly mouth-watering prospect for the coming winter.

One fanfare mine's a pain and, as Ruud Gullit might say, "Bring on the sexy game."

MAJOR WEEKEND FOOTBALL FIXTURES AND POOLS CHECK

Friday	Saturday	Sunday
30 United States		
31 Scotland v Wales		
1 England v Norway		
2 Scotland v Denmark		
3 England v Portugal		
4 Derby v Ipswich		
5 Everton v Newcastle		
6 Middlesbrough v Liverpool		
7 Sheffield United v Aston Villa		
8 West Ham v Nottingham Forest		
9 Birmingham v Coventry		
10 Middlesbrough v Charlton		
11 Brighton v Sutton		
12 Gillingham v Stoke		
13 Gillingham v Coventry		
14 Middlesbrough v Birmingham		
15 West Ham v Bolton		
16 QPR v Oxford United		
17 Reading v Sheffield United		
18 Southampton v Tranmere		
19 West Brom v Bury		
20 Birmingham v Cheltenham		
21 Bournemouth v Watford		
22 Bristol Rovers v Peterborough		
23 Twerton Park, Bath		
24 Bury v Bradford		
25 Cheltenham v Stockport		
26 Gillingham v Bristol City		
27 Middlesbrough v Wrexham		
28 Notts County v Preston		
29 Plymouth v York		
30 Walsall v Rotherham		
31 Brighton v Chester		
32 Cambridge Utd v Barnet		
33 Colchester v Hartlepool		
34 Doncaster v Carlisle		

Third Division	Fourth Division	FA Cup
31 Brighton v Chester	32 Cambridge Utd v Barnet	Southampton v Chesterfield
32 Cambridge Utd v Barnet	33 Colchester v Hartlepool	Southampton v Chesterfield
33 Colchester v Hartlepool	34 Doncaster v Carlisle	Southampton v Chesterfield
34 Doncaster v Carlisle		

Arsenal v West Ham

Last season: 1-0

Last five League matches: (95-96):

Arsenal (DDW), West Ham (LWDL)

Bergkamp and Seaman have been passed fit but Gunners' caretaker-manager Hoddle will not risk new signings Vialli and Gullit until at least three weeks after knee surgery.

Swans' new coach, Sacchi, is fit.

McAllister loss leaves Leeds cold

Simon Turnbull visits the Yorkshire city where enthusiasm for today's Premiership kick-off is in short supply

If you wanted to buy a player mobile for your bedroom at Leeds United's city centre shop on Thursday lunchtime the choice, at £2.99 a time, was between Gary McAllister, Gary McAllister and Gary McAllister. You could have also invested £8.99 in a copy of *The Captain's Log*, helpfully subtitled on the dust jacket as *The Gary McAllister Story*.

Not so much sent to Coventry as voluntarily lured there, Leeds United's captain once removed had been left on the shelf. His former worshippers feel they have suffered a similar fate too. As Ian Dobson put it, over a pint in the Scarborough Hotel: "I think we realise this is not going to be our season."

The tattooed gentleman behind the fruit and veg stall, the only animate object to be found parading a Leeds United shirt in the city's vast indoor market (there were a few on hangers at the Leeds Rugby League kiosk) was similarly resigned. "Apprehensive," was his economical response when asked to sum up his mood on the eve of the big kick-off.

He had to be succinct, such was the queue for service. A three-minute stroll away, at the Leeds United Collection Shop in Burtons Arcade, the two ladies behind the till had only each other (and the Gary McAllister collection) for company.

A young boy peered through the window at the white shirt emblazoned with a number nine and the name "Rush". "Come on," his mother said, dragging him in the direction of Habitat next door. "It's just the Leeds United shop."

With the possible exception of Blackburn, where the sacking of Sir H. Es. As and Rs probably still litter the streets around Ewood Park, it was difficult to conceive of a place on the Premiership map with less collective enthusiasm for the new season ahead. At least on the streets of Sunderland, Leicester and Derby there is the anticipation of a new adventure ahead, albeit tempered by fear of a return ticket to Grimsby and Reading come the May day of reckoning.

In Leeds, even that traditionally last bastion of defiant optimism, the club magazine, could not help but betray the gloomy disposition of a football city gripped not so much by fever as placid suffering.

On pages 14 and 15 of the August edition of the imaginatively titled *Leeds United Magazine*, Howard Wilkinson pleads for the fans to get behind his team, the rallying call managers usually issue somewhere in between a disastrous start by his players and the arrival of the sack.

Leeds, indeed, kick off at Derby this afternoon as second favourites - second favourites to change their manager before the end of the season, that is. Only Leicester's Martin O'Neill is expected to have a shorter shelf-life than Wilkinson, who has been given 7-4 survival odds by Ladbrokes.

Burns battles to field a side

Rupert Metcalf on the weekend action in Scotland's Premier Division

It may be only the second week of the Scottish League season, but the Celtic manager, Tommy Burns, is already facing an injury crisis. Burns has no fewer than 10 top players on the treatment table as he prepares for today's Premier Division meeting with Raith Rovers in Glasgow and next Tuesday's UEFA Cup return leg against the Slovakian side, Kosice. Also, there is no sign of an early end to the problems, with Paul McStay and Phil O'Donnell likely to be out for some time.

Celtic face Raith today with McStay, O'Donnell, Paolo Di Canio, Alan Stubbs and two squad men, Stuart Gray and Marc Anthony, all definitely out. Those on the doubtful list are Brian O'Neill, Jackie McNamara, Morten Weighorst and Andreas Thom. Burns has been forced to put teenagers John Paul McBride, a 17-year-old midfielder, and 18-year-old defender Paddy Kelly on standby for places on the bench against Raith.

"We have a few problems and

Wily Continentals crossing the divide

Olivia Blair

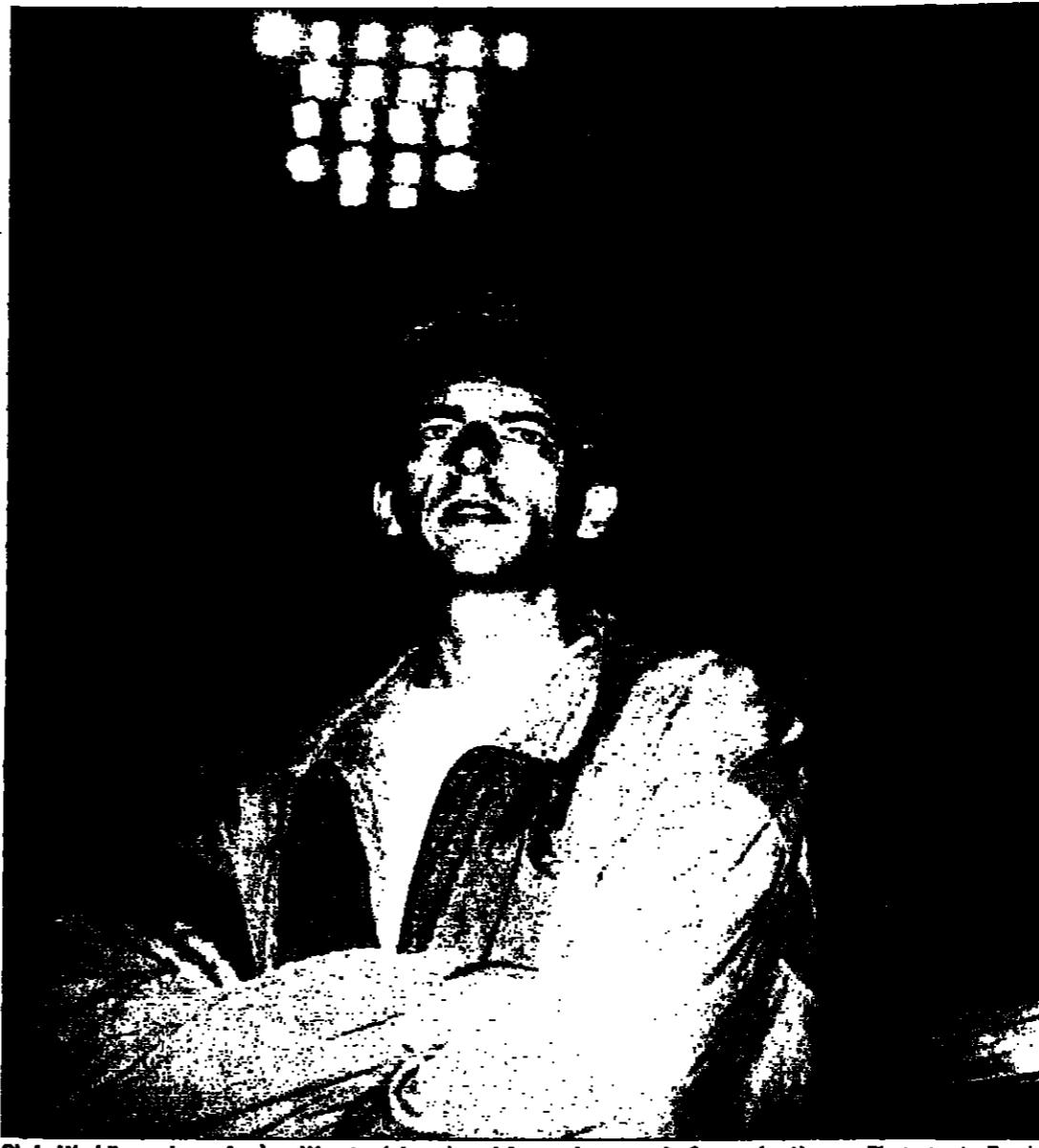


ON SATURDAY

Forgive me for being a killjoy on the opening day of the season proper (apologies to non-Premiership clubs), but how blasé are we becoming? It was only four years ago that we were excited by John Jensen's £1.1m transfer from Bradford to Arsenal (well, some of us were). Yet on the eve of the 1996/97 season, not content with Vialli, Ravanelli, Emerson, Poborsky and Di Matteo (to name but a few), the back pages of the tabloids were unashamedly screaming: "Give us Cruyff".

Cruyff junior is already a Premiership player. However, that Cruyff senior will become a Premiership manager (at least for now) is about as unlikely as Alan Shearer failing to score this season. Instead it will be the Frenchman, Arsène Wenger, who will be Bruce Rioch's successor. The irony of Glenn Hoddle's former mentor becoming the next Arsenal manager has not been lost on fans either side of the north London divide (and may explain Arsenal fans' decidedly lukewarm reaction to the news). However in everything but name, Wenger appears far better suited to the post than Johan Cruyff. Chris Waddle, who played in many a gritty north London derby before moving to Marseille, where his side pipped Wenger's Monaco team to the French championship two seasons running, reckons Wenger and Arsenal are made for each other. "His teams were well-organised, well-disciplined, very hard to play against. His priority was not conceding goals, to get people back behind the ball. If the fans are expecting cavalier football forget it. He's a training ground perfectionist like George Graham."

Wenger won't find communication a problem (unlike his predecessor, whose lack of communication with the Arsenal board was apparently the reason for his sacking); he speaks at least four languages, including English, fluently. But it is ironic that as we plumb foreign shores, both for players and coaches, our two most successful national coaches have had to take their expertise elsewhere: Bobby Robson to Barcelona (via PSV, Sporting Lisbon and Porto) and Terry Venables (who



Chris Waddle reckons Arsène Wenger (above) and Arsenal are made for each other. Photograph: Empics

claimed no other English club wanted him after Euro 96) to, er, Portsmouth.

So what is it that makes us think foreign coaches will succeed where a home-grown coach won't? Do we have such an inferiority complex that we bow to what we assume is a foreigner's better judgement? "Wenger's a superb technical coach," we say parrot-fashion, because we know precious little else, except that his ideals fashioned the new England coach.

Most foreign coaches are more qualified than many of our former players who now take up coaching posts. But psychologist Dr George Sik, whose new book, *I Think I'll Manage*, analyses the different management

styles of some of the game's leading gaffers, claims it is just a natural progression that the foreign coaches should follow the players to Britain.

"Of course they have different ideas and techniques," he says, "but it's just as much the novelty value, that a change being as good as a rest."

Certainly a foreign coach may come unburdened with any preconceived ideas about certain teams and players, but that could as easily be a hindrance, say, if he fails to convey enough of a sense of urgency to his players in the games that really matter.

The Uruguayan, Danny Bergara, now assistant director of coaching at Darlington, says he had it easier than most when he became Rochdale's manager in 1988, because he spoke good English. "But when people say the game has a universal language,

nothing could be further from the truth. England is very different. It has one of the best leagues in the world, but the technique and traditions are so different, and I don't believe British players want to win enough: how come a country of 25 million people like Uruguay can win two World Cups and numerous South American Championships while Britain, with 55 million people and a lot more money, wins one World Cup - and that's it? For every Nick Faldo and Ian Woosnam, there are many more equally good golfers who come out of tiny Sweden. There's something lacking somewhere."

Bergara is not surprised that British clubs are welcoming foreign coaches, but thinks that those, like Ruud Gullit, who have already played in this country, stand a better chance of success. "I played at the highest levels in Spain and Uruguay, yet over here my name meant nothing and I couldn't get a work permit in 1974. Coaching was my only option. My problem is that I am called Bergara, not Di Stefano."

But for every foreign coach in the British game, there is a Brit who goes abroad to try his luck. Robson aside, there is Roy Hodgson at Internazionale, John Toshack at Real Sociedad and Terry Yorath, now in charge of the Beirut national side. Some have to travel even further afield to gain the recognition denied them here. The former Lincoln and Scarborough manager, Steve Wicks, coaches the S-League side Woodlands Wellington in Singapore. Both his Football League managerial appointments in England floundered on disputes with the chairman; he says having a job "where you are coach and manager with no interference, in a country where the people are as football-crazy as any I have ever seen, is very exciting".

Brian Talbot, the former Arsenal and Ipswich midfield player, who had fruitful spells as manager of West Bromwich and non-League bound Aldershot ("I was banging my head against a brick wall for eight months"), took the Maltese Premier League side Hibernians to their first title in 13 years in 1994, and again in 1995. "Malta's been an education. Here I'm the coach, my responsibilities are just football; I have nothing to do with contracts, fixtures or bonuses. People look upon me going to Malta as a backward step, say I failed in England. But I didn't want to go back for any old job in some outpost."

At least Gullit and Wenger won't have the problems one well-known English manager had in Portugal. He could not understand why everyone got so upset whenever he shouted corner, until he discovered that in Portuguese "côna" is a female part of the anatomy...

Keegan happy to have Elliott back

Kevin Keegan yesterday celebrated the collapse of Robbie Elliott's move to Blackburn and revealed he was about to re-sign for Newcastle.

Blackburn pulled out, claiming there were question marks over the full-back's fitness, but Keegan believes Blackburn's loss is Newcastle's gain and said: "Robbie is going to re-sign here for a two-year deal. We've got to talk to his agent but it's virtually agreed."

Keegan criticised Blackburn's attempt to buy the £1.5m-rated Elliott on the cheap. "The so-called substantial offer Blackburn made us was £1m. It may be substantial for Blackburn but it's not for us."

"I would have thought the whole thing would have been disappointing for Robbie but he is coming back to a bigger club, that's for sure and I'm just delighted to have him back. I would have had to sign another full-back to put John Beresford under pressure if Robbie had gone."

Keegan will put Elliott straight into his squad for today's open-

ing Premiership match against Everton at Goodison Park.

Keegan will be forced to make at least one change from the side which beat Anderlecht in midweek because Faustino Asprilla is suspended, but David Batty, who did not train yesterday, is fit.

Brighton have been found guilty by an FA Disciplinary Commission of failure to control their crowd after trouble flared in April. An FA Disciplinary Committee yesterday met with the Brighton chief executive, David Bellotti, at the Goldstone Ground following the riot that led to Albion's home match against York City being abandoned on 27 April.

The Third Division club have had three championship points deducted and have also been ordered to play one match behind closed doors. Both penalties are suspended until the end of the coming 1996-97 season.

But they will be enforced, in full or in part, if there is any serious incidents of misconduct involving Brighton supporters either at home or away.



KEEGAN GAMLED £15M ON SHEARER. YOU CAN TOO FOR JUST A QUID!

Kevin reckons that £15m is a small price to pay to bring glory to Newcastle. You can place a spread bet from just £1 on how many days it will take Shearer to score his first Premiership goal. We predict between 7-9 days. If you fancy it will be longer, you win your stake x each additional day (you can also bet on it being less than 7 days). The more it goes your way, the more you win (the reverse applies when you lose).

Spread betting is far more flexible than fixed odds. Shearer apart, you can bet on Newcastle's performance, its points and goals. The same goes for all the Premier and Division One clubs. During live games we have a book on the number of corners, red/yellow cards, total goals scored and much more besides. The permutations are endless. Spread betting doesn't stop when play starts. Change your mind, change your bet. And best of all, we pay the betting tax for you too!

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"Everybody has an assignment. They have one for when we don't have the ball and one for when we do. It is like the pieces in a clock"

RUUD GULLIT ON CHELSEA'S THOUGHTFUL REVOLUTION

Page 24

FOOTBALL: The Premiership kicks off today but the arguments have already started. **Phil Shaw** reports

'Bitter' Houston speaks his mind

This time last year, the sense of expectation surrounding Arsenal was almost tangible. Today they launch a new campaign at home to West Ham against a backdrop of unrest which yesterday prompted Stewart Houston, their caretaker manager, to bemoan the "bitter taste" left by Bruce Rioch's sacking.

Houston, who also held the fort following George Graham's dismissal 17 months ago, will oversee first-team matters for five weeks until Rioch's probable successor, the former Monaco coach Arsène Wenger, is free from his commitments in Japan. However, it is clear he does not regard his duties as preventing him from speaking out.

"Of course loyalties have been stretched," Houston said. "I've lost another good friend - two, really, because Steve Burttshaw, our chief scout, has also gone this week. But what else can I do but get on with it?"

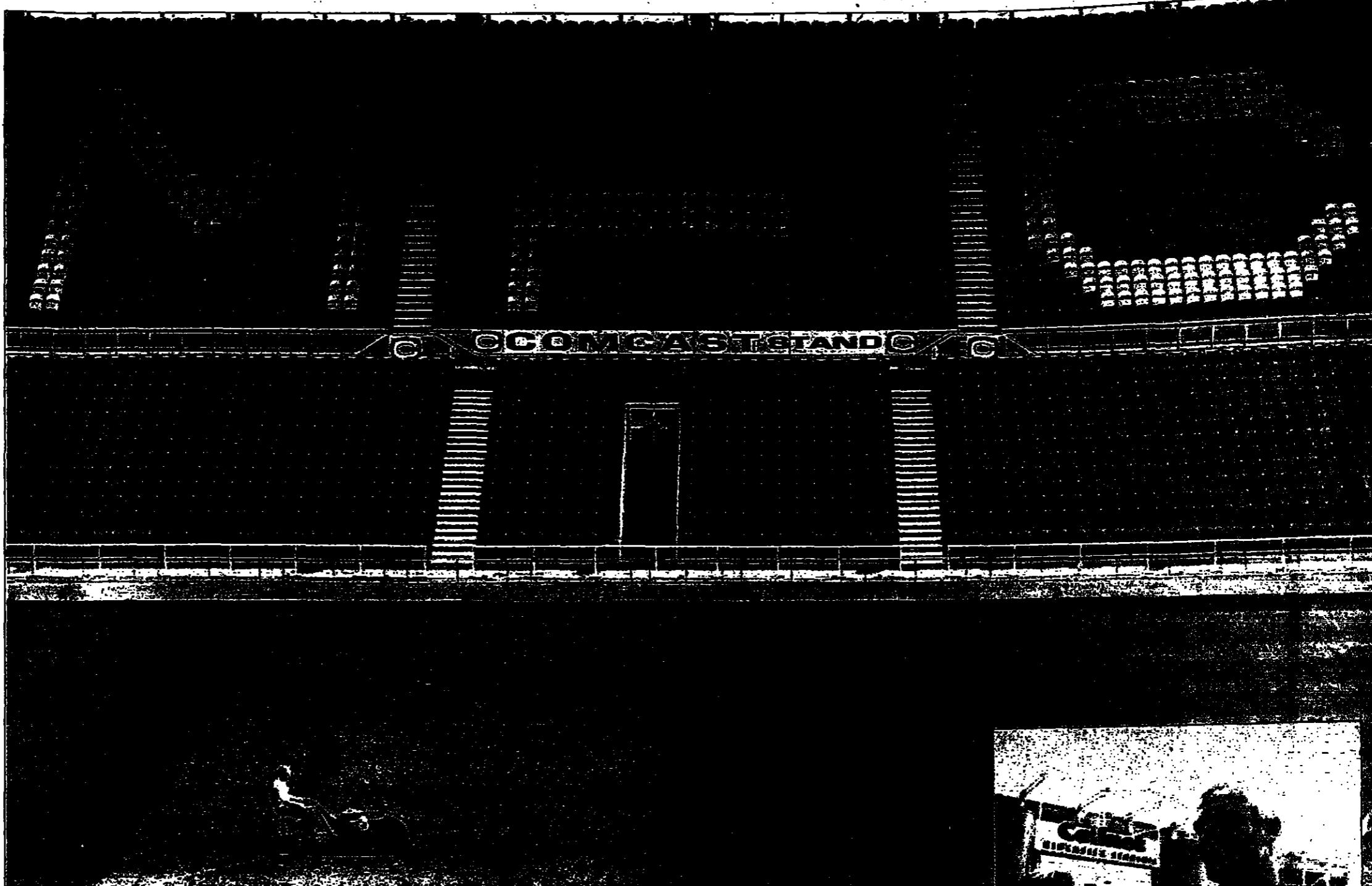
"There's a lot of bitter taste around when something like this happens to a man you like and respect. People on the outside couldn't see it perhaps, but he [Rioch] was a very caring person who looked after his players and staff and was always very approachable."

Rioch's coup in bringing Dennis Bergkamp from Internazionale to Highbury 12 months ago was seen as the ultimate in transfers from Italy to England. Now another Dutchman, Ruud Gullit, has gone a step further.

In years to come, people may look back on this weekend as a turning point. Will it be remembered as when the first wave of Italians arrived, captivating crowds and changing the game here forever? Or as a cultural mis-match in which a few Serie A stars briefly had their way with the Premiership - in the mercenary position - before the money ran out?

Chelsea's captures, Gianluca Vialli and Roberto Di Matteo, must wait until tomorrow before discovering the realities of the British game at Southampton. Lying in wait amid The Dell's cramped confines will be a team of hungry journeymen (plus Matthew Le Tissier) now under Graeme Souness, whose friendship with Vialli at Sampdoria will not temper the tackling.

Grafting foreign flair on to an average side did not work for Middlesbrough when they went Brazilian. Undaunted, Bryan Robson takes the wraps off his own Italian, Fabrizio Ravanelli, against Liverpool, 10 years



after Boro kicked off before 3,690 dithards at Hartlepool when the Reivers paddocked Ayresome Park.

There are no Italians at Manchester United, Newcastle and Liverpool, the trio likely to dominate again, although all now have a Czech. The double winners might have hoped for an easier start than Wimbledon away. Joe Kimear's gang will not stand on ceremony, making Eric Cantona's return to Sel-

hurst Park a test of temperament and his suitability as captain.

Newcastle face an equally arduous task at Everton, where Graeme Ferguson is capable of giving their suspect defence a torrid time. Clubs seeking a striker will be studying Kevin Keegan's line-up to see whether he pairs Les Ferdinand with Alan Shearer. His failure to sign a replacement will count against him unless Tottenham, one of the division's best away sides, are beaten. What should work in Harford's favour is a de-

sire, sure to be manifested in the performance of Colin Hendry, to prove that Blackburn are more than a one-man team.

Wilkinson, whose sale of Gary McAllister was also largely out of his hands, must hope for a similar response from his Leeds players at promoted Derby. Those who like to see the ball sprayed around in the manner of McAllister will look to Ajijos Asanovic. Derby's £900,000 Croatian, who could be a can-

didate for strip of the summer.

The weekend's losers can console themselves that first-day results are often poor pointers to long-term prospects. After Manchester United's 3-1 defeat at Aston Villa last August (as Newcastle were keeping a clean sheet), Alan Hansen decreed: "You win nothing with kids." Perhaps, in the rush to judgement, some bold pundit will shortly be substituting "Italians" for "kids".

Fabrizio Ravanelli, Middlesbrough's import from Italy's Serie A, keeps a young fan happy at the Riverside Stadium yesterday

Photograph: Victoria Mather

THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

Quiz?

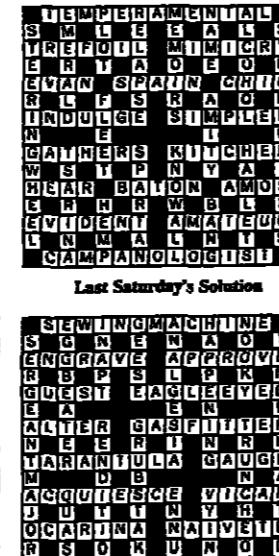
Ask the Franklin Bookman French Professor.

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No. 3068. Saturday 17 August

By Phil

Friday's Solution



ACROSS

- Letters received after rude description of woman (7)
- Is frightened to receive very warm garments (7)
- Boozy night - are men for it, ultimately? (3, 7, 5)
- Soft drink has you looking ill (4)
- Fruit is on the ground round base of stem (5)
- Family left in prison (4)
- Can Hertfordshire town produce metal goods? (7)
- Detectors apprehending Prince returned about item of regalia (7)
- Aerial transport being mostly seen in take-off (3-4)
- Tuscans named part of name? (7)
- Students with zero input by lecturer take it easy (4)
- Resting-place for travellers in a remote location (5)

DOWN

- Fluttering, it's caught by father - end of insect (3-5)
2. Bits of Scottish rock formed from all the sands in the borders of Scotland (8,7)
3. Lou to show disapproval of Queen (4)
4. Solid information given to United in Spain (7)
5. Dark, except in the circumstances that will follow onset of星光 (7)
6. One gets first of wickets and you're out (4)
7. Figure figure? (5, 10)
8. Wrong to take good Ecstasy, injecting your hypodermic? (7)
9. Saying damage will involve time? (5)
10. Party has to live with a negative vote (5)
11. Odds on gatehouse exhibiting a nasty mark? (7)
12. The core exhibits damage for a foot (7)
13. What sounds like minor deception? (7)
14. Make more palatable the information about start of golf match, that's coming up (7)
15. Duty imposed on one to go to the funeral? (5)
16. Insect eating dead historian (4)

THE FRANKLIN SCRABBLE Make the longest word you can from FRANKLIN'S Friday's Scrabble: WHEREVER

Win a Franklin Bookman French Professor worth £100

The first correct solution to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday win a Franklin Bookman French Professor worth £100. Answers and the winner's name will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4012, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winner was Mr R. Caton, Northampton.

European Cup place for finishing second

England have been told they can enter two clubs in the European Cup from the 1997-98 season after UEFA decided to go ahead with controversial plans to expand their flagship competition.

The deal for eight of Europe's leading football nations means that this season's Premiership runners-up could have consolation in the Champions League.

They will have to take part in a pre-qualifying match next August for the right to take their place in the lucrative round-robin competition, which will be extended from 16 to 24 clubs.

The move has angered purists who believe the Champions League should remain the exclusive preserve of exactly that: champions.

But the Football Association, represented by the chairman, Keith Wiseman, the chief executive, Graham Kelly, and accompanied by Rick Parry, the Premiership chief, at the meeting of European Football's governing body in Zurich, support the change.

"The proposal has the full

Premier League and they were pleased with the outcome of the day's talks," said an FA spokesman.

As part of the FA's shake-up, winners of all domestic leagues

will once again be invited to enter the European Cup, which is good news for the likes of the League of Wales, whose champions have recently had to settle for a UEFA Cup berth.

Glen Hoddle, the England coach, has expressed delight at Ray Clemence's decision to accept the role of specialist goal-keeping coach to the national team.

Hoddle said: "I'm delighted to have somebody of his coaching and management experience to join my set-up - it's a major coup."

Ray is somebody who I have both played with and known for many years. He's done so much in football and I'm delighted he will be joining us on a full-time basis."

The 48-year-old former Liverpool and Tottenham goalkeeper, who has quit as manager of Barnet, succeeds Mike Kelly in the England role.

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IN MONDAY'S 24-PAGE SPORTS SECTION



In the build-up to the third and final Test against Pakistan at The Oval, which starts on Thursday, Michael Atherton, the England cricket captain, talks to Derek Pringle about his and England's summer and the end of the Illingworth era.

Plus: Reports from every match on the first weekend of the FA Carling Premiership

Plus: *That Was The Weekend That Was*, our alternative guide to two days of football action

IN TOMORROW'S INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY

Frank Williams prefers his drivers to rock, and neither need expect any querter. So long as Damon Hill and Jacques Villeneuve do not drive from one another open the next four races - as Artyon Senna and Alan Prost once did while team-mates at Williams - Williams will maintain his superiority. After all, his British Grand Prix is already in the bag.

David Threlkeld reveals the inside story of the Plateau dust that is the Formula One World Championship, and discusses why Damon Hill is suffering jolts on the start line. Paul Fox gives the lowdown on the highflyer crisis; Nick Knight, one of England's cricket heroes at Headingley, looks forward to the Oval test and John Cattie's talk to Andrew Caddick, the potential answer to a Sinking problem.

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